THE

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SUNRISE IN SUNRISE LAND.*

BY THE REV. JOHN SAUNBY, M.A.

INLAND SEA, JAPAN.

EVEN before Commodore Perry had started on his famous expedition to Sunrise Land, the Christian Church had cast longing eyes across the waste of waters toward that island empire still so shrouded in mystery. Already missions had been established in the treaty ports of China, and several missionaries were there awaiting an opportunity of entering the land of the Mikado. This was furnished by Commodore Perry in 1854, and the eager heralds of the Cross were not slow to take advantage of it, and

* From a forthcoming volume on Japan, to be issued, with many illustrations, by William Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House. In view of the military activity and success of the empire of Japan this account of its religious progress, and of the work done by Canadian Methodism in promoting it, will be of special interest.—ED.

very soon the foot of the missionary trod the sacred soil of the land of the gods.

In tracing the rise and progress of Protestant mission-work in Japan, up to the year 1883, I quote from an historical sketch of "Protestant Missions in Japan," prepared by the Rev. J. F. Verbeck, D.D., for the Osaka Conference of Missionaries which was held in that year:

"Before the close of 1859, the year of the actual opening of the country," says Dr. Verbeck, "the missionaries of three Protestant Churches were fairly established on this virgin soil. The history of Protestant missions in Japan divides itself conveniently into two periods of nearly equal length. The first period extends from the summer of 1859 to the end of 1872, and may be called the period of preparation and promise. The second period runs from the beginning of 1873 to the present; it has been a season of progressive realization and performance. The former was, with the exception of a joyful day of harvest near its close, a time of learning and sowing; the latter a time of reaping as well as of sowing for future harvests. The goodly number of those who have patiently and hopefully laboured, through well-nigh the whole or large portions of the two periods, well know the marked difference between the earlier and later."

The situation of the first missionaries was often a trying one. With much that was agreeable, there was more that was perplexing. Danger, too, was not infrequently imminent; for it was the time of attacks without either provocation or warning, and of assassinations from patriotic motives.

"The missionaries soon found that they were regarded with great suspicion and closely watched, and all intercourse with them was conducted under strict surveillance. When the subject of religion was mooted in the presence of the Japanese, his hand would, almost involuntarily, be applied to his throat, to indicate the extreme perilousness of such a topic. We were regarded as persons who had come to seduce the masses of the people from their loyalty to the 'God-country,' and corrupt their morals generally.

"The missionaries shared with the other foreign residents in the alarms incident to a disturbed state of the country, and were sometimes exposed to insult and even assault. The swaggering *Samurai*, armed with two swords, cast many a scowling look at the hated foreigners, whom they would gladly have expelled from their sacred soil. Any Japanese bookseller who sold a Bible would have to go to prison.

"Among the enactments of the Imperial Government was the

following: 'The evil sect called Christians is strictly prohibited. Suspected persons should be reported to the proper officers, and rewards will be given.'"

There was little in the outward practice of the Japanese paganism that would shock a foreigner by its cruelty or atrocity —nothing, for instance, at all to be compared to the Indian Suttee, or the rites of the Juggernaut. More than by the disagreeable peculiarities of the prevailing idolatries, were new comers struck with the gross immorality of the people. In certain directions the most astounding moral callousness and blindness were evinced. But amid the general wreck of morals, many pleasing remains of the original divine workmanship were also met with. Among these may be mentioned many instances of warm family affection, of genuine kindness, and of real sympathy, honesty and faithfulness, the general peaceableness of the common people, and the politeness and suavity of their manners, down to the lowest classes.

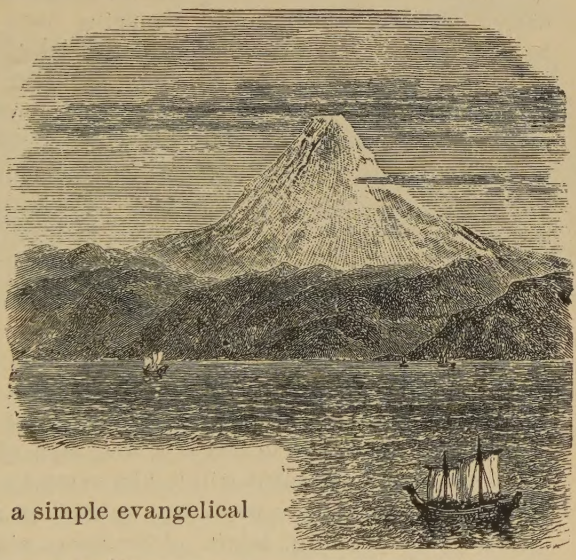
Very formidable, indeed, were the obstacles which confronted those early heralds of the Cross; no one can wonder that the first ten long years of patient, unremitting toil yielded so little fruit in numerical gains to the cause of Christ. In the first place, they had to live down prejudice. When they entered the country they were looked upon as Jesuits and hated as crafty intriguers against the government of the country.

It is easy to understand that this feeling could not be neutralized in a day; the missionaries had to *live* it down, and this they have abundantly accomplished. They have shown by the loving sympathy of their actions and the purity of their lives that they are God's people and living exponents of the character of Jesus. This accomplished, the next step of winning souls was comparatively easy.

The circulation of Christian literature increased very rapidly. Fortunately anything printed in Chinese was perfectly suitable for circulation in Japan; so that Chinese bibles and tracts were distributed in large numbers, a work which could easily be performed by missionaries still unfamiliar with the language. But actual results there were in the conversion of souls. The first-fruits were gathered in and seed-time and harvest clasped hands, even in those early days. "At last God's set time for the organization of His Church came. In January, 1872, the missionaries at Yokohama, and English-speaking residents of all denominations, united in the observance of the week of prayer. Some Japanese students, connected with the private classes taught by the missionaries, were present through curiosity, or through a

desire to please their teachers, and some, perhaps, from a true interest in Christianity. The Acts of the Apostles were read in course day after day; that the Japanese present might take part intelligently in the service, the Scripture of the day was translated extemporaneously into their language. After a week or two the Japanese for the first time in the history of the nation were on their knees in a Christian prayer-meeting. Their prayers were characterized by intense earnestness. Captains of men-of-war, English and American, who witnessed the scene, said, "The prayers of these Japanese take the heart out of us."

"As a direct fruit of these prayer-meetings, the first Japanese Christian Church was organized in Yokohama, in March, 1872. It consisted of nine young men, who were baptized on that day, and two middle-aged men, who had been previously baptized. They gave their new Church the catholic name of 'The Church of Christ in Japan,' and drew up their own constitution, a simple evangelical creed.



FUJIYAMA, JAPAN.

The following year the Government removed the edict against Christianity from the public notice-boards throughout the empire. This did not mean that the law was abrogated by any means. Still it was an indication of what soon became evident, namely, that liberty of conscience was to be allowed to the people.

The last two decades have more than fulfilled the most sanguine hopes of those early toilers, several of whom are still on the field to rejoice in the mighty spoils won for the Saviour. Instead of the one church, of one mission, in one of the treaty ports of Japan, there are now hundreds of churches scattered up and down the four main islands, with scores of well-equipped native ministers, and forty thousand communicants. There is not a

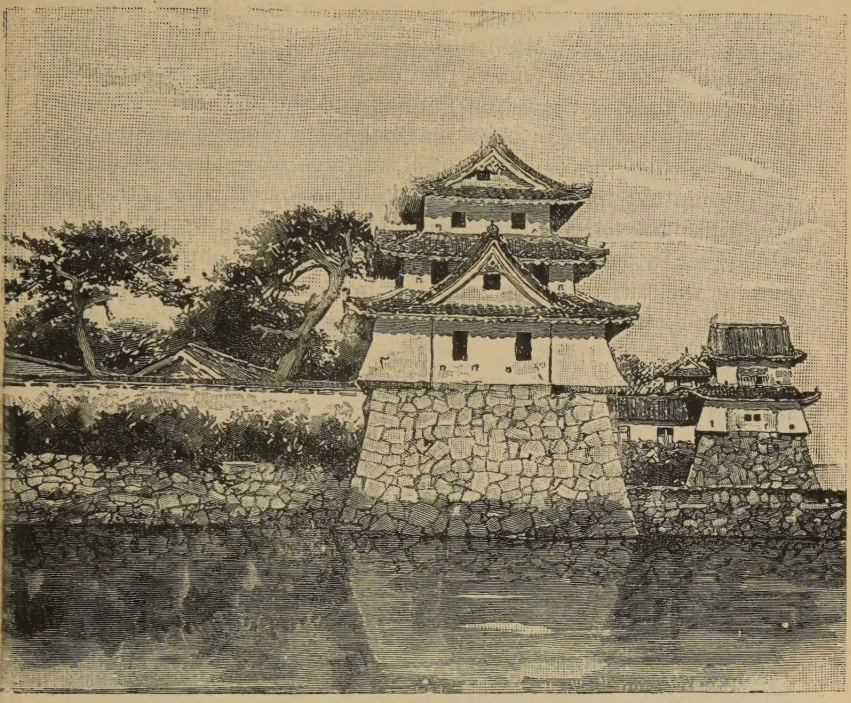
single prefecture on these islands that does not count at least a few earnest Christians among its inhabitants.

The six or seven different missions sent out by the different Presbyterian bodies of England and America have united the results of their toil into one grand native Church, which now is operating extensively throughout the whole land.

The strongest single mission in the land is that of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions—the Missionary Society of the different Congregational Churches of America. This Church alone now numbers over ten thousand converts, and is rapidly extending its operations in all parts of the empire.

Another most hopeful feature of the work in all Churches is the number of earnest, thoughtful young men from among the native converts whom God is thrusting forth into the ministry. In the year 1872 the Prince of Higo invited an American gentleman, named Captain Janes, to come and open a school for the study of English in his city. Captain Janes, although not a missionary, was a man of God, and with his teaching of English he sought to instil into the minds of the young men about him the blessed principles of the Gospel. No less than fifteen of his students, not only gave their hearts to the Lord, but also dedicated their lives to the work of preaching the Gospel. A perfect storm of opposition arose, and these young men were ostracised, disinherited and driven from their homes. Their school was broken up, and, if they clung to the new faith they had espoused, there seemed nothing for them but destitution. But God had His own great purpose in all this and was unerringly working it out.

Some years previous to this a young man of the warrior class was impelled by the spirit within him to steal away from his own land, even though there was a ban on such an action, and to seek an education in foreign lands. After many vicissitudes he found his way to Boston and was there taken into the family of a gentleman named Hardy, and received at the hands of his benefactor a most liberal education, and, best of all, he learned to know and love the Saviour. On his return to Japan he gave himself up to the work of preaching the Gospel, and was marvellously successful in winning his own countrymen for God. This man was Joseph Neeshima, without whose name and the record of whose work no sketch of the rise and progress of Christianity would be complete. The Church of his choice needed a college for the training of her young men, and for the founding of such an institution a clear-headed, far-seeing, faithful Japanese was necessary, and such a one was ready in the person of Neeshima. Through deep discouragement he forced his way until he had the satisfaction



ANCIENT CASTLE, TOKYO, JAPAN.

of seeing the young Christian college, the Dôshisha, rise to be the foremost Christian educational institution in the country. Now the remarkable coincidence is that the very first class to enter the theological department of this new school was composed of the band converted under the instrumentality of Captain Janes, and a number of these men are in the very foremost ranks of the Christian ministry in Japan to-day.

But this is not confined to one Church. There is not a single Christian organization that has not witnessed the same Providential dealings, by which a strong contingent of earnest native workers has been put into the field. The significance of this is far-reaching. It means that ere many decades have come and gone, the whole Japanese Church will become grandly self-supporting, and will become a strong factor in the problem of the evangelization of the Orient.

But we must hasten to sketch the work of the Methodist contingent of the Christian forces operating in Japan. It was just when the sky began to clear for the Christian missionary, in the year 1873, that the spiritual descendants of him who said: "The world

is my parish," first set foot on the shores of these far-off isles, and they soon found that Methodism had a mighty work to do there in common with her sister Churches. It was in the same year that the Methodist Church of Canada and the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States sent out their pioneer missionaries; and from that time the two missions have worked along side by side in mutual inspiration and helpfulness. Of course the great Methodist Episcopal Church has outdistanced her humbler Canadian sister in the numerical strength of the force put into the field and in the territory covered; but not one whit has the one exceeded the other in the wealth of zeal and consecration manifested by the different workers.

We must now turn our attention more particularly to the mission of our own Canadian Methodist Church. Firstborn among our distinctively foreign missions, Japan has received a large share of hearty sympathy and support from the Canadian Church, and still holds a very warm place in the affections of those who were instrumental in the formation of the mission, and of those, also, who have contributed so largely to its support.

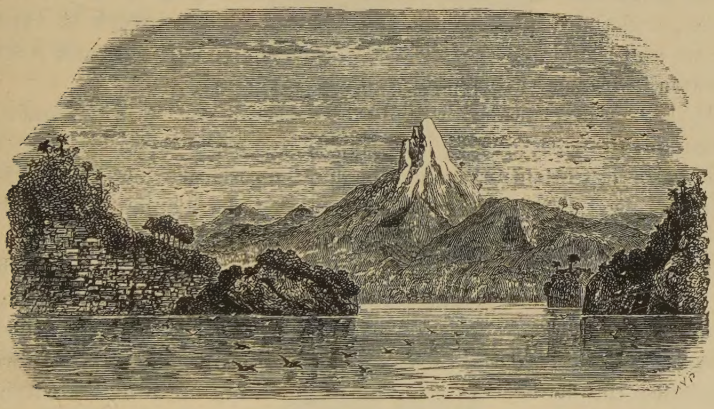
Our Church chose wisely when it committed this new mission into the hands of George Cochran and Davidson Macdonald. The former had already risen to the highest position in the pastorate the Church had at its disposal. From the pulpit and pastorate of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, this devoted servant of Christ went forth to an untried work. The latter was not only an ordained minister but also a fully qualified physician, and was thus doubly equipped for such a work.

At first our pioneer missionaries settled down in Yokohama to study the language and await the opening of some providential door through which to enter on their God-appointed task. Dr. Macdonald has the honour of being one of the first missionaries, if not *the* first, to leave the treaty ports to reside and labour wholly in the interior. He received an invitation to become a teacher of a school in the old castle-town of Shidzuoka. From that day to this Canadian Methodists have, by the blessing of God, held the fort in that city and prefecture. Dr. Cochran, in Tokyo, began religious services in his own house, and very soon, under the blessing of God, gathered around him a company of believers. Would you see the results of his earnest toil? They abide to-day in at least three churches in the city of Tokyo, and more especially in men, like the Rev. Y. Hiraiwa, so well and favourably known by the people of this country who were brought to Christ through his instrumentality. Nor is this all, for I am sure there is not a single Japanese pastor in our Church

in Japan to-day who has not the impress of his thought and character upon them. Our native ministry is largely what Dr. Cochran has made it.

Nor was Dr. Macdonald's ministry any less successful in Shidzuoka. Indeed, his success in winning souls during those early days was phenomenal. During the four years of toil in that place he organized a church of no less than one hundred and eighteen members, and among these were a number who have since taken foremost positions in our ministry and educational work.

In 1876 G. M. Meacham and O. S. Eby reinforced the mission. Dr. Meacham was rewarded very speedily by seeing souls brought to the Saviour and a living Church established. Among the new converts was the well-known and highly respected



YOKON OR SACRED MOUNTAIN, INLAND SEA, JAPAN.

Japanese gentlemen, Mr. Ebara, M.P., who became an active local preacher and has done more than any other layman to spread the knowledge of the truth among his own people in the vicinity of Numadzu. He is now the representative of his people in the Imperial Parliament, and president of our Anglo-Japanese College. Dr. Meacham spent the closing years of mission work in Tokyo as professor in our theological school, and to-day lives in the hearts of the leading men in our Japanese ministry.

Over in Kofu, Dr. Eby had like success with his brethren. The services held in the doctor's own hired house resulted in the formation of a church society which through many tribulations has existed until to-day, and has now grown so large as to become a self-supporting church. Dr. Eby has also had

abundant fruit of his ministry in several of his sons in the Gospel being called to the Christian ministry. After some three years arduous toil the Doctor was transferred to the Tokyo station and soon entered upon a much wider sphere of missionary effort, which culminated in the celebrated Meiji Kwaido lectures on apologetics, which drew large audiences of very thoughtful Japanese and did a great deal of good in opening the minds of the people for the reception of the truth.

Dr. Eby's aim for years was to establish, right in the heart of the great city of Tokyo, a centre of evangelistic effort to some extent commensurate with the needs of such a metropolis. This he has accomplished, in conjunction with the Missionary Society of our Church, in the erection of the Central Tabernacle in Hongo, the educational quarter of Tokyo. Already enough has been accomplished to show the wisdom of undertaking such an enterprise; and there is no doubt that as our mission-work in Japan grows and develops, the Central Tabernacle will exercise a still greater influence throughout our whole Church.

In 1882 Miss Cartmell, the pioneer missionary of the Woman's Missionary Society, arrived on the field. Miss Cartmell has the honour of establishing the celebrated Toyo Eiwa Jogakko, which has exercised such a wide influence over the women of the city of Tokyo.

In 1884 the Anglo-Japanese College was inaugurated at Ozabu, in Tokyo, with Dr. Cochran and R. Whittington, M.A., in charge. The following year the now sainted Alfred Large, B.A. (who was assassinated in 1890 by a couple of Japanese who entered his house in the dead of the night, probably on robbery intent), joined the mission and took his place on the College staff; and although the years of toil allotted were but few, yet he so gave his life in loving service to the Master that his memory lives in the heart and lives of many of his pupils.

The year 1884 also witnessed the reinforcement of the evangelistic staff in the person of C. T. Cocking, who gave five years of earnest service before returning to resume work in the home field. In 1886 a further reinforcement of two men for the evangelistic, and one for the school, came to hand with the arrival of Edward Odlum, F. A. Cassidy, and J. W. Saunby.

The lady missionaries of the Woman's Missionary Society have nobly seconded the efforts of the agents of the parent Society. In course of time flourishing girls' schools were opened in both Shidzuoka and Kofu, and evangelistic effort was begun among the women of the city with encouraging results. No one except the great Head of the Church can adequately estimate the

great amount of good that is being accomplished by these consecrated women.

The next mile-post of progress in the history of the mission was the organizing of the Japan District of the Toronto Conference into a separate Conference in the year 1889. For this purpose, as well as to become more intimately acquainted with this foreign field, Dr. Alex. Sutherland, our esteemed Missionary Secretary, visited Japan, and spent several weeks in a thorough examination into all the affairs of the mission.

ROYAL CASTLE, TOKYO, JAPAN.

Mission stations have since been opened at Nagano, Fukui, Toyama, and still another is being opened in Nügata. All these are large cities surrounded by provinces just teeming with millions of people, the greater part of whom have never yet heard the sound of the Gospel. Out among these we are pushing our way by the means of Japanese preachers and evangelists; and already the harvest is at hand. Messrs. Dunlop, Crummy, McKenzie and Elliott came out to Japan on the self-supporting plan and did splendid service in the Government schools and

were ready to hand when the mission had need. The saddest thing about our mission work, however, is that through ill-health so many are forced to relinquish their loved employ and return to the home land again; but still the Master carries on His work and will not suffer His cause to fail of its magnificent purpose.

There is an almost continuous chain of Methodist stations all the way from one end to the other of the main islands. But the crying need is for union. We want, not five Methodist Churches, but one, in order to make ourselves felt as are the great Congregational and Presbyterian Churches.

The numerical strength of the Japan Conference of the Canadian Church is twenty-eight native ministers and probationers, twenty-four circuits and stations, and a membership of 1,981. The five bodies of Methodism have a total membership of upwards of seven thousand.

Concerning the final outcome of this grand missionary movement in the Land of the Rising Sun, there can be no doubt. The fortress of Gospel Truth has sunk her foundations and reared her battlements so firmly that the gates of hell can never prevail against her. The Sun of Righteousness is rising with healing on His wings, and the new day that knows no eventide will fill the whole land with light and blessedness.

HYMN OF TRUST.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Cast thy care on Jesus!
Trust Him to the end,
Tell Him all thy troubles,
Make Him now thy friend.
He is Man and Brother,
He is Lord and God,
And the way of sorrows,
Is the path He trod.

Cast thy care on Jesus!
Nothing is too small
For His vast compassion
He can feel for all;
In thy doubt and darkness
Clasp His loving hand,
He will cheer and guide thee
Through the desert land.

Cast thy care on Jesus!
Tell Him all thy sin,
All thy fierce temptations
And the wrong within;
He Himself was tempted,
And He pleads above
For the soul that asketh
Pardon through His love.

Cast thy care on Jesus!
What is death to those
Who in deep submission
On His love repose,
But a short step farther,
Nearer to His side,
Where their eyes shall see Him
And be satisfied!

DRUMMONDVILLE, Quebec.

TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BAALBEC TO BEYROUT.

MOONLIGHT VIEW OF PALMYRA.
(Omitted from last number.)

THE day we left Baalbec, April 29th, was the festival that marked the close of the long fast of Ramadan. The whole town was abroad in gala dress, and the throbbing music of drums and tomtoms filled the air. We rode first to the fountain of Ras el Ain, on which the ancient city Heliopolis must have depended for its water supply. It was a spot of ideal loveliness. A placid pool of purest water was surrounded by ancient masonry, with stone steps leading down to its surface. In its crystal depths the springs could be seen bubbling up through the sand. A group of weeping-willows overshadowed its surface, reminding one of the Scripture, "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water." On a stone of the ruined mosque was inscribed a very devout Moslem prayer.

The whole population of the town apparently had gone on a

picnic to the top of a neighbouring hill, where was a tomb of a very holy sheikh. The Moslem idea of enjoyment seemed to be to climb on a hot day a high hill and picnic amid the rude plaster-covered tombs of the shadeless, sandy cemetery. The men drank black coffee and smoked their hubble-bubble pipes apart by themselves. The women and children partook of their humble lunch also by themselves. All were dressed in their gayest-coloured robes—the fair-faced Syrian women chiefly in white and pale blue, the men in yellow silk gowns with crimson girdles. The multitude looked like a great bed of tulips and poppies covering the whole slope of the hill.

As we rode up, I uttered the salutation "Neharahsaid,"—"May your day be pleasant"—and instantly a smile, half an acre in extent, passed over the entire group as they responded, "May yours also, O traveller," most of them rising to their feet at the salutation. They were very courteous and made room for our horses at the best point of view, and forthwith began to feed them with leaves of lettuce from their own lunches, with an eye keenly expectant of backsheesh. A procession of dervishes on donkeys, with a rabble retinue of boys and men carrying green flags and beating drums, came up the hill, and began their chanting and dancing and weird incantation.

It was a strange sight, a perfect kaleidoscope of colour, a living bouquet of people swaying to the music like poppies in the wind. Like a map lay far beneath the village of Baalbec and the solemn ruins of the Temple of the Sun. To right and left stretched the slopes of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, covered with gleaming snow, the green valley of Cœlo-Syria spreading between.

Mr. Read and I lingered long after the rest of the party had descended the hill, and had to follow in a headlong gallop amid scattered ruins of half-buried capitals and columns. About half an hour's ride from Baalbec is a rude Moslem shrine, "probably," says Dr. Thompson, "once the tomb of some great saint or sinner." An empty stone coffin served as a prayer niche. The shrine is known either as the bed of Adam and Eve or the Tomb of Darius —one legend is about as authentic as the other.

We rode on through a fertile country, clothed with vines and mulberry trees, studded with good stone farm-houses two stories in height—the best we had seen in Syria. About mid-afternoon we passed the so-called Tomb of Noah. It is a low structure, one hundred and thirty-two feet long, covered with a crumbling arcade, with a dome at one end and a small mosque at the other. The Moslem tradition avers that the patriarch was so tall that even this tomb was not long enough and that his legs, from the knee

CEDARS OF LEBANON.

downwards, were sunk in a perpendicular shaft. Noah was evidently a man to be looked up to.

As we rode through the Moslem village it was an unexpected pleasure to be greeted in good English by an American missionary, the Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss, from the neighbouring town of Zahleh. This thriving town covers the slopes of a vast amphitheatre and with its bright white and blue walls is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. It numbers about sixteen thousand people, chiefly Greek, Catholic, Maronite and Protestant Christians, and gives evidence of great thrift and industry. Our entrance was like a triumphal procession. The people left forge and loom, swarmed in the streets, thronged the roofs of the houses, and the children bade us welcome in both English and French, which they had learned in the Protestant or Catholic mission schools.

So steep is the slope on which the town is built that to keep it from sliding down the mountain great arcades of buttresses are constructed beneath the walls. During the late Druse massacre the town was captured, plundered, and every house burned. The thrift and energy of the inhabitants, however, have obliterated every trace of that disaster.

Our camp was most picturesquely situated on a green knoll across the valley. Tall and handsome women wearing blue gowns and white izzars, and children dressed in red, yellow and blue, brought us water, flowers and confectionery—a very striking contrast to the curses, sticks and stones with which we were

assailed at the fanatical Moslem towns of Hebron and Shechem. The explanation of this is the successful Christian missions of which Zahleh is the centre. Messrs. Hotchkiss and Jessup, the latter the son of Rev. Dr. Jessup, of the Beyrout mission, have here a thriving church, which we visited. Out of respect to Oriental usage the women sit apart from the men, and between

ONE OF THE OLD CEDARS.

the men and women runs a high partition. For the same reason the Christian women when they go abroad are closely veiled.

In the neighbouring mountains and valleys are a number of Christian churches, with twenty-three schools having thirty teachers and fifteen hundred scholars. Several thousand of the natives of the Zahleh, with the born instinct of the old Phœnician

traders whose blood is in their veins, are peddlers of silks, jewellery and Oriental curios throughout Europe and, chiefly, in America. Mr. Read met one at Zahleh who the previous year had been a guest in his own house in Canada. In the popular apprehension America is another synonym for Heaven and the rugged mountains of Lebanon for Gehenna.

Mr. Hotchkiss and two lady missionaries honoured us by sharing five o'clock tea in our tent. Afterwards Mr. Read and I visited the mission house, a refined Christian home, bright with English and American books, pictures and periodicals. Mr. Jessup dined with us in the evening and talked far into the night, recounting the stirring story of missionary progress in Mount Lebanon. Both of the resident missionaries are graduates and post-graduates of American colleges—bright, cultivated, clever men, exerting great influence on the government of Mount Lebanon.

It was our last evening in camp, and our cook honoured the occasion by providing dinner after the manner of the Orientals. One feature of this was meat brayed in a mortar to the consistency of paste, with other dishes which needed a cultivation of taste that we had not yet attained. In the morning as we rode away it was a very touching to see a group of peasant women weeping as we passed because we belonged to that land beyond the sea where so many of their kindred were. It was a curious sight to see a tall, dark-eyed, stately woman carrying three large bowls of milk, one upon another, upon her head.

It is a *détour* of some hours to the famous cedars of Lebanon. This we did not make, but they are thus described by Dr. Ridgaway:

"The cedars are situated on a platform or recess, around which tower all the highest peaks of the mountain, some thousands of feet. They stand upon a knoll at the head of the wild gorge of the Kadisha. There is no other sign of vegetation in the vicinity. As seen from above, the grove appears more remarkable than when it is approached from below, and is not more than a half-mile in circumference. About a dozen only of the oldest trees are left, but there are more than four hundred in all. The largest measure about forty feet in girth, and are thought to be several thousand years old. We lunched under the branches of these old patriarchs, and felt something of the hush which comes to the spirit when overshadowed with a sense of the remotest antiquity.

"The interest attaching to the cedars, which attracts so many visitors to this lonely spot, arises from their great age and Scriptural associations. 1 Kings v. 6; Ezra iii. 7; Psa. xxix. 4, 5; xcii. 12; civ. 16; Ezek. xxxi. 3-10—the latter a singularly noble passage. These trees are not like the American cedar, but more like our pine. The wood is of a

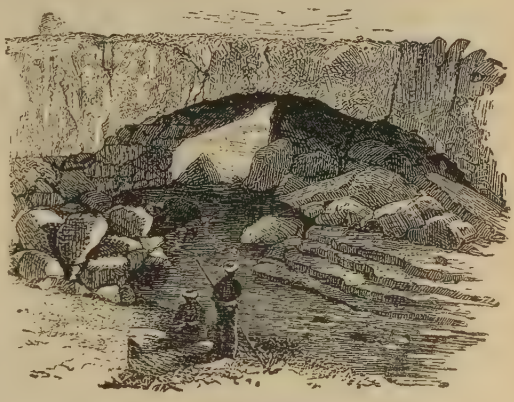
whitish, close, and tough texture ; the bark is rough ; the branches extend horizontally, with a gentle upward inclination, and the cone is large and very compact. It was long thought by travellers that this clump contained the only survivors of the ancient historical trees : but the same kind have been seen at a few other points on the mountains, though they do not seem so old. The whole region undoubtedly once abounded in them ; hence the expression, 'shall shake like Lebanon,' referring to the rustling of these giant trees when, as a vast forest, they covered the whole mountain."

CAVE AND FALLS OF ADONIS.

Some of the grandest scenery, with the most romantic associations, is on the slopes of Mount Lebanon. One of these spots is the source of the famous Adonis River, shown in our cut on this page. It bursts forth in great volume from a dark cave about one thousand feet below the summit of Mount Sunnin. This is traditionally the scene of the death of the well-beloved of Venus by the tusks of a wild boar, since which time the water at certain seasons is said to run purple to the sea. This is easily explained

from the fact that when the river overflows its banks it takes a reddish tinge from the soil. Here was the famous temple of Venus which was destroyed by Constantine on account of the abominations of its rites. "The Greek Adonis was probably," says Dr. Thompson, "no other than the more ancient Phœnician deity Tammuz," to whose worship Ezekiel refers (viii. 14). "There sat women weeping for Tammuz." To these Milton also refers:

> Thammuz came next behind,
> Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
> The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
> In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
> While smooth Adonis from his native rock
> Ran purple to the sea, suffused with blood
> Of Thammuz yearly wounded.



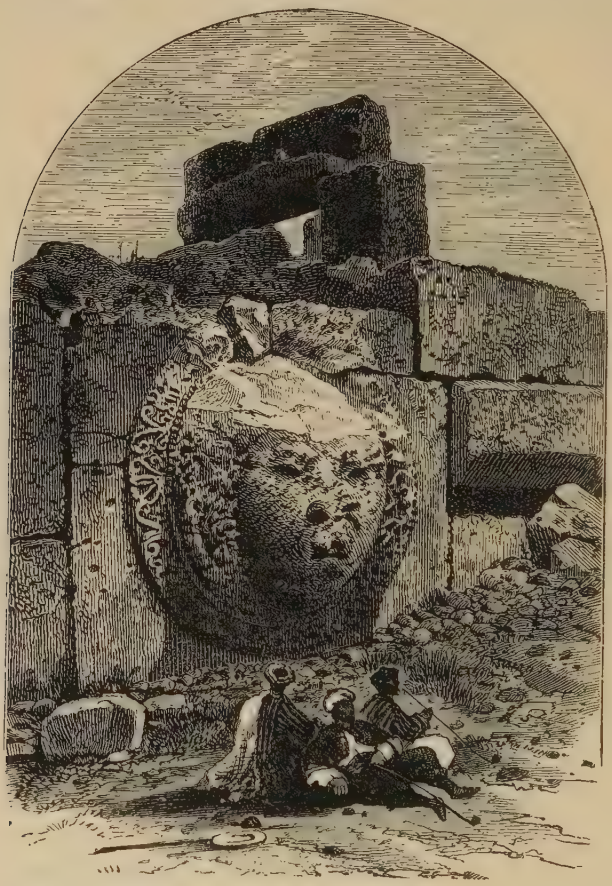
NATURAL BRIDGE, MOUNT LEBANON.

Near this spot is the curious natural bridge shown in our engraving. The span is over 160 feet and the curve of remarkable symmetry. The thickness of the rock above the arch is thirty feet, and the breadth on top where the road crosses is from 90 to 150 feet. It is 150 feet above the bed of the stream.

Another vestige of Phœnician nature-worship is the embossed head of Baal on the ruined temple at Ruklch, shown in our cut The face, of Negroid type, is three feet four inches across, and is surrounded by a double ornamented circle. In ancient Phœnician times every high hill or mountain-top had its shrine of the false gods of Baalim and Peorim.

At Shtora we again struck the diligence road to Damascus, and a noble road it was, smooth as a floor, and carefully graded over the mountain slopes and summit. We passed frequent brigades of as many as seventeen huge, white-canopied waggons drawn by four mules or horses. When a steep hill was reached a double team would drag one of these waggons to the top and then return for another. The scenery of Mount Lebanon is of

surpassing grandeur—the snow-clad mountain tops, the dark belt of pines beneath, deep gorges with streams and waterfalls, high rock-perched villages, and the peasant people in their picturesque garb. On the lower slopes the terraced mountain-sides are clothed with vines—I counted over a hundred terraces upon one



EMBOSSED HEAD OF BAAL, AT RUKLEH.

hillside—and the plains beneath with palms and figs and apricots, and fields of brightest wheat and barley; and ever stretching far beneath the eye, the broad blue Mediterranean, at times of deepest cobalt blue, lit up with snowy lateen sails or marked by the trailing smoke of a distant steamer.

It was a magnificent ride down the last slopes of Lebanon, following the many windings of the road, which coiled like a

great ribbon in many folds beneath our eyes. There, far in the distance, lay the sickle-like sweep of the bay of Beyrout, the white-washed houses amid their green gardens coming more distinctly into view. In the neighbourhood of the city is the most remarkable pine forest I have ever seen. The trees rise, a stately brotherhood, without a limb to the height of eighty feet, and then spread out a broad green top like a huge umbrella. The shade is dense and the solemn cathedral-like forest aisles are the favourite resort of the people. They suggest the famous grove of pines of Ravenna described by Dante in his great poem.

Beyrout is a charming spot in which to spend the Sunday. It is the most prosperous town in Syria and is a strange blending of the Orient and Occident. Here are the consular agents of the principal nations of Europe each of which has its own post-office —Austrian, French, German, English, Turkish and the like. It was known as Berytus by the Greeks, and abounds in architectural remains of that ancient civilization. It is of special interest, however, as an educational and missionary centre of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. For half a century they have occupied this field. Their college, a large and commodious building, occupies a magnificent site and receives students from all parts of that wide field, ranging from Alexandria and far up the Nile to the interior of Asia Minor. The following statistics will be of interest:

The American mission, founded in 1820, preceded all other agencies in the work of education. Thousands of youths have been taught, and there are now under its care one hundred and four schools, with more than four thousand pupils, a college and medical institution, three female seminaries, and eight high schools. It has seen Beyrout rise from a town of eight thousand to a city of eighty thousand. Other foreign societies have opened schools for girls and boys, until there are to-day in Beyrout three thousand five hundred children in Protestant schools, and seven thousand in the schools of the native societies. Of the twelve journals now published in Beyrout, seven are in the hands of Protestants, four belonging to native Syrians. In Syria and Palestine are 242 Protestant schools, with thirteen thousand children. The number of American and European labourers is 120, with 432 native teachers and preachers. The American, British, and German Protestant seminaries for girls are training hundreds of the choicest daughters of Syria. The Maronite, Papal, Greek, Mohammedan, and Jewish academies are educating a vast body of youth.

At the recent meeting of the American Board of Missions at Madison, Wis., Henry Harris Jessup, D.D., missionary of the Presbyterian Board in Beyrout, Syria, gave an intensely interesting address. To the American Board belongs the honour of founding the first evangelical mission of modern times in Western Asia. Following upon this came the organization of the first Reformed Evangelical church in Syria since the days of the

Apostles. For centuries Christians were in the eyes of Mohammedans the teachers of a sham religion which could be only overcome in its vile influence by a new Church exemplifying holy doctrines in a holy life. That Church has now grown to more than a hundred and fifty churches, not a few of whose members have borne witness by their death to their faith in Christianity. Among them have been converts from the Armenians, Nestorians, Jacobites, Maronites and Copts.

The American Board missionaries set up the first printing press in the Turkish Empire, transferred in 1834 from Malta to Beyrout. There had been a rude hand-press in the chapel of a Greek monastery, but its sole office was to print books for the priests. Already the Protestant press has given to Western and Southern Asia and Northern Africa 500,000,000 pages in the Arabic language, and is printing 500,000 annually. Its publications are scattered over one hundred and twenty degrees of longitude, from the Atlantic to the Yellow Sea.

American Board missionaries founded in 1835, at Beyrout, the first day-school for girls in the Turkish Empire. Mohammedan young men showed a preference for girls who could read, and the schools were crowded, until public sentiment had so changed that all the various sects had girls' schools of their own. But the boys were not neglected, and in 1837 the first boarding-school for them in the Turkish Empire was opened by Dr. William M. Thompson. The next special feature was the founding, in 1863, of the two great colleges at Beyrout and Constantinople, whose graduates are to be found in South-eastern Europe, Western Asia, North Africa, and even in Australia, South America and the United States. Those early missionaries—Drs. Eli Smith and Cornelius Van Dyck—who gave to the world the first correct, classical translation of the Bible into the Arabic language, of which probably not less than half a million have been sent out in thirty-two different editions all over the Arabic-speaking world.

An intensely practical side of mission work was illustrated by the fact that missionaries first introduced into Syria steam printing presses, petroleum oil, sewing machines, photography, brass clocks, windmills, as well as American agricultural implements, and even the electric telegraph. Two missionaries were pioneers in modern archeological explorations in Palestine, and their contributions to Biblical study have been among the most valuable.

Grand service was rendered in pestilence, famine and war by these missionaries, men and women, who, while maintaining the strictest neutrality, taught lessons of kindness and love to sick and wounded, and to all faiths and races alike. In 1860 the missionaries in Beyrout distributed not less than one hundred thousand dollars in food and one hundred thousand garments to the refugees in Sabanai and Damascus. They have always been on the side of peace, with no political aims, no personal interests to promote, believing that the powers that be are to be obeyed as they are ordained of God.

We were delayed here three days, and found a charming home in the house of a Greek with a motherly Syrian wife. The fragrance of the jasmine and magnolia garden was a perpetual

delight, as was also the outlook over the orange groves and blue sea. The mission church is a handsome Gothic structure, and the adjacent school-room was erected by a loving father in memory of his little son, Gerald Dale, of New York, aged four. No boy in the world has a nobler monument.

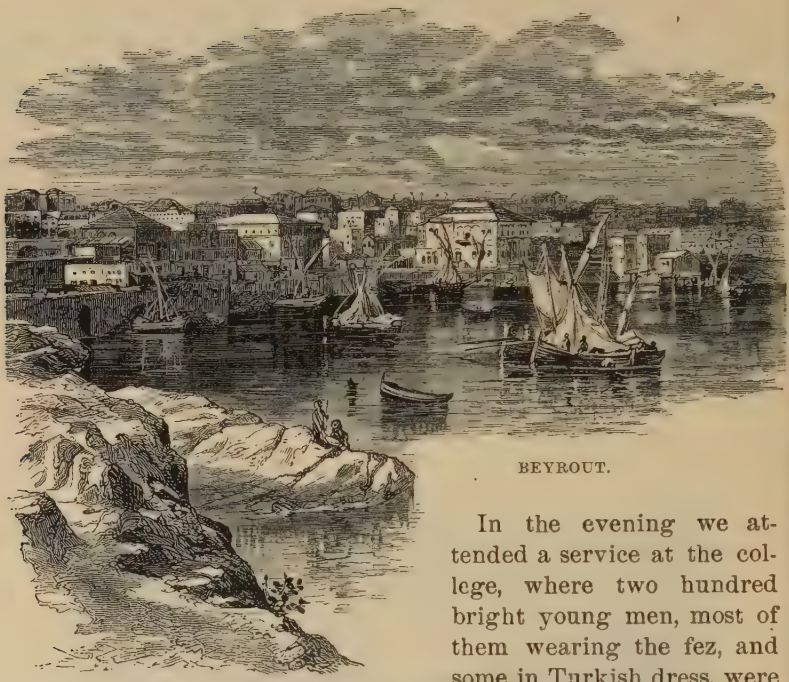
In the Sunday service Dr. Jessup, a tall, venerable man with a patriarchal beard, included in his comprehensive prayer the President of the United States, the Queen of Great Britain, the Imperial Parliament, whose legislation so largely moulds the destiny of the world, the Emperor of Germany and all Christian Protestant sovereigns, the Sultan of Turkey and

DISTANT VIEW OF BEYROUT.

all missionaries in Mohammedan, heathen and non-Christian lands.

The Sunday-school service was held in Arabic; the sweet-faced Syrian girls and women wore graceful white veils and sang very sweetly the familiar tune "Beulah Land" to Arabic words. Many of the faces were not unlike those the artists picture of the Virgin Mary. Mr. Read and I were introduced to the school. Dr. Jessup gave them our greeting from Canada, and they sang again that beautiful benediction, "God be with you till we meet again."

In the afternoon we visited the Kaiserswerth deaconess hospital, where the kind-hearted sisters nurse annually about six hundred persons of different confessions and creeds. Here I met a young man from Montreal, nearing his end, but full of kind words for the gentle sisters who, with Christlike sympathy, cheered his last hours. I found that Dr. Graham, of Ottawa, was high in the confidence of the Christian and Moslem community.



BEYROUT.

In the evening we attended a service at the college, where two hundred bright young men, most of them wearing the fez, and some in Turkish dress, were assembled for worship. A more intelligent-looking group I never saw, and the curriculum of this college in arts and medicine would compare very favourably with that of either Toronto or McGill Universities.

We visited with special interest the Kaiserswerth mission school, where over one thousand Syrian, Arab, Maronite, Greek and Druse girls have been diligently trained by the kind-hearted deaconesses. Pleasant it was, under the escort of one of the gentle sisterhood, to explore the extensive premises, bakehouse, kitchen, laundry, dormitory, and school-room, all scrupulously clean, and the reception and school-rooms adorned with mottoes and decorative pictures. Its cool, clean alcoves and corridors breathed the very air of peace. After the dreadful massacre, in 1860, of fourteen thousand Christians in Mount Lebanon by the Druses, thousands of orphans and widows fled to Beyrout. In a few weeks ten Kaiserswerth deaconesses were on the spot. Their difficulties were great. They knew not a word of Arabic, but their philanthropic purpose at once procured them friends. A home was soon provided and money raised for the maintenance of the widows and orphans.

The harbour at Beyrout is an open roadstead. There lay our

steamer, but pitching and tossing and tugging at her anchor chains so vigorously that it was impossible to unload her cargo or embark passengers. Indeed, while making the attempt some bales and boxes were dropped from the lighter into the sea. At length on the third day we were able to embark.

Our happy pilgrimage through the lands of the Bible was ended, the hour of parting had come. We had given our testimonials and backsheesh to our faithful servants, guides and protectors in travel. The porters carried our belongings in huge packs on their shoulders to the quay. The waves were rolling ominously—the steamer's hull at times sinking in their trough quite out of sight. Sturdy arms rowed us over the heaving tide to the ship. With unsteady step we climbed the vessel's side and took leave of our faithful Abdallah, our guide, philosopher and friend during the weeks of wandering on this sacred soil. As a parting gift he presented Madame with a bouquet almost as large as a parasol The anchor swung apeak, the screw revolved, and in the golden sunset the white walls and green gardens of Beyrout, and the snowy background of Lebanon slowly receded from view.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Long centuries ago,
When Christ came down to earth
A glory lit the midnight gloom
To celebrate His birth;
And rapturous rang a song,
From seraph-voices clear,
Proclaiming loud the wondrous news,
The world's Redeemer near!

That song's sweet echoes thrill
Through human souls to-day—
And while eternal years revolve
Shall never die away!
The glorious gleam sent forth
That long-since Christmas night
Is circling now the gladdened earth
In waves of deathless light!

Then, as again returns
The time of sacred joy,
When fragments of the angels' hymn
Shall mortal lips employ,—
Be hearts with voices tuned
To praise the King of love,
Who for our sinful sakes forsook
His shining throne above.

Homeless on earth He lived,
For us a home to win;
He stood without the gates of heaven
That we might enter in.
Prepares He now our place,
'Mid joys no tongue can tell,
Where ransomed spirits evermore
In His dear presence dwell.

Praise, praise the Saviour-King,
Sovereign of earth and heaven;
To Jesus, our Immanuel,
Adoring laud be given!
Extol His Holy Name,
This happy Christmas day;
And bring our souls' most fervent love
Down at His feet to lay!

Toronto.

A DAY IN THE ONTARIO INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.*

A STUDY OF PRESENT-DAY METHODS.

Not long ago I spent a few profitable and pleasant hours in the Ontario Institution for the Blind. Such a visit as mine has a twofold result, it educates and undeceives. It is astonishing what crude notions otherwise well-educated people have of an institution of this kind, both with regard to its objects and its results. In a brief account of a hurried visit no adequate conception can be formed of the full scope and importance of the work done in such an institution, but still enough may be gained to open the mental eye and set the mind thinking.

The institutions for the blind here, and elsewhere in Christendom, are the results of what is termed the gospel of humanity. Only recently I read with considerable interest a detailed and graphic account of excavations among the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and, while these revealed a culture and a civilization equal, if not superior, to our own, the archæologists failed to discover an hospital, or indeed an institution of any kind whose mission was to ameliorate the sufferings of the afflicted and the helpless, or to protect the widow and orphan. Our communal, provincial or national systems for helping the helpless are the result of our common Christianity; and just in proportion as Christian influences abound in any country, so likewise shelters and aids exist for those who are less fortunate than ourselves.

The advantages of the site of the Ontario Institution for the Blind are apparent to the most cursory observer. From a sanitary point of view, nothing could be more admirably suited. It sits well up on the brow of a hill, while the soil is specially dry and well adapted to the sanitary needs of the institution.

The main building is about three hundred feet in length, with an extension containing the pupils' dining-room, domestic quarters kitchens, bakery and store-room, etc. The division into small classes, the diversity of educational and instructional work, literary, musical, and industrial rooms for working, for study and practice, all absorb a space out of proportion to the mere numbers. With the present resident staff and appliances the building barely accommodates 140 pupils in the proportion of eighty boys to sixty girls, and from 130 to 140 is the average attendance.

In 1881 the present principal, Mr. A. H. Dymond, was appointed. The choice of Principal Dymond was a peculiarly happy one, as

* Abridged from an admirable illustrated article in the *Brantford Expositor*.

subsequent events have abundantly proved. A widely-read man of much real culture, with a broad general knowledge of men and affairs, coupled with a keen insight into human nature, and above all with a deep, earnest, enthusiastic and always sympathetic devotion to the responsible work he is called upon to direct, he makes an admirable principal. During the Biennial Convention of American Instructors to the Blind, held in Brantford in 1892, he took an active part in the association's deliberations, and they marked their appreciation of his character and talents by unanimously electing him president for the two years' term.

Mr. Hossie, the bursar, has filled that office for nearly the whole time of the institution's existence. He is a faithful officer, and his name in connection with Sunday-school work is a household word in Ontario.

The literary staff consists of three gentlemen and two ladies, the junior master having also special charge of the male pupils out of school hours. There are five music teachers—three ladies and two gentlemen, two of the number being non-residents. Then there are a trade instructor, a piano-tuning instructor, two ladies at the head of the sewing, knitting and fancy-work departments, with one assistant, a former pupil, who is attached to both the latter branches. Lastly, there is the kindergarten directress, through whose hands all the juniors pass in their way to the regular classes. Not only are the subjects of instruction numerous, but the teaching is in almost every case individual instead as in a sighted school *en bloc*. Fifty or sixty seeing children can be taught at one time by the aid of a pointer and blackboard, but only one at a time by the slow process of realizing the form of a letter by the touch of the fingers, and this where a child has often had no conception of form whatever; and so with almost every study in a greater or less degree. Even if the pupils be taught as a class the instruction is oral and has to be literally rubbed into the memory by constant and most assiduous repetition. So it follows there must be many teachers, patient teachers, teachers well trained in the art of teaching both thoroughly and attractively; and that, of course, means competent, experienced persons who must be well paid.

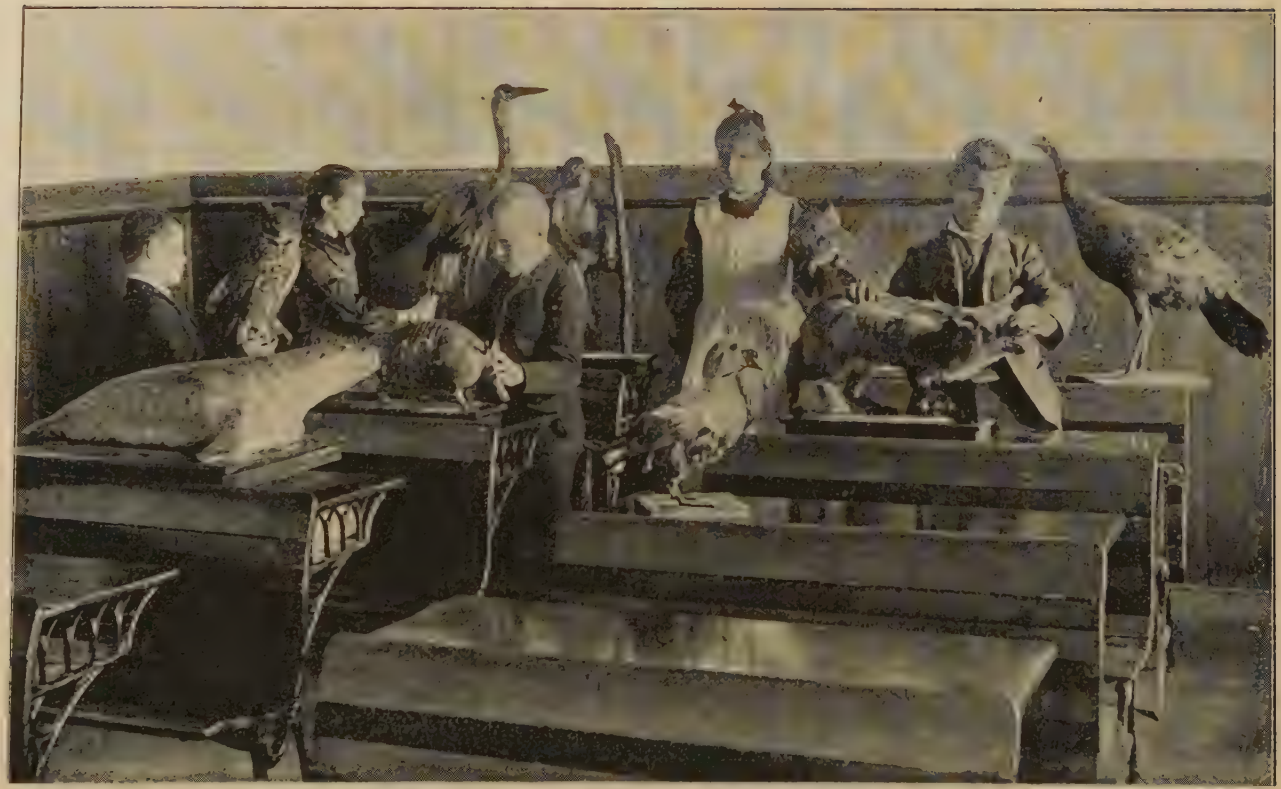
The grounds are most artistically displayed with bush and brush, and tall tapering trees. You can hardly conceive a prettier spot than this on a bright summer day. The singing of the birds overhead, the subdued roar of the distant city, and the sweet strains of music softly stealing through the windows just behind you, taken altogether, fill the ear and the eye with harmony and beauty.

The big doors of the main hall swing outwards as you enter, and on all lawful days, that is every day but Saturday and Sunday, the latch hangs on the outside from 10 a.m. till noon and from 2 o'clock until 4 p.m. Your footstep in the hall brings "Matura," the blind attendant, to your side, who will conduct you to the visitors' reception-room. The room is comfortably, but not luxuriously, furnished. A handsome desk-table stands in the middle of the floor, and is littered with papers, periodicals, blue books, and all the usual etcetras found on such tables. The principal proved an easy subject to interview, and on the slightest provocation drifted off into a pleasant chat upon just such subjects as were necessary to this sketch. To the suggestion that I might go over the building and see the classes at work, he readily assented; nay, more, he offered to conduct me himself. I gladly accepted, of course, but where there were many agreeable lady teachers, I thought—but that is neither here nor there.

Somehow I had an idea that the pupils contributed something towards their keep. That is altogether a mistake. It is supported entirely by provincial funds, and no charge is made for board or instruction. Total blindness is not necessary before admission can be had. The fact of one's sight being so defective as to prevent one from receiving the ordinary education afforded by the Public Schools is a sufficient qualification. It will be understood, therefore, that many of the pupils can see more or less.

The period of instruction varies according to the circumstances and abilities of the pupils, the object being in all cases to fit them for usefulness in life, and for supporting themselves, if necessary, by their own efforts. No intelligent young person who has taken a course of instruction at the institute is without the means of contributing substantially towards his or her maintenance.

I have been in a number of kindergarten rooms here and there, and a somewhat ripe experience in this connection bids me say I never saw a more interesting one than that of Mrs. Murray, nor one where the results were so surprisingly good as compared with the opportunities and materials at hand. With deftly tender hands, a kind motherly manner, and a deep personal interest in the welfare of the little mites, with whom she is brought so much more into touch than other teachers, the kindergarten directress moves about among these little ones like the good spirit she is. There must have been some ten or a dozen little people in the room, the greater portion of whom



OBJECT-CLASS--NATURAL HISTORY

had no vision whatever. For the most part the children had either been born blind or blindness had followed some infantile disease. The little ones are arranged around a table much as they are in a Public School kindergarten. They were singing a cuckoo song. Each child requires the personal attention of the teacher. Each child has to be taught his or her task, not by a general example, but by a special individual lesson. The work and responsibility of the teacher will be at once apparent. The Froebel system of gifts, of course, obtains in the school. The same little fancy things are made by the children, and the fancy weaving, plaiting, sewing and moulding of the non-seeing kindergartner is decidedly ahead of her more favoured little sister. The books used are all in embossed type and the children read by the sense of touch. They are fully as advanced as sighted pupils of their age generally are.

Principal Dymond next took me to one of the class-rooms of the senior scholars, the most advanced perhaps in the institution. The subject specially was the Life and Times of Lord Bacon, and the method of procedure resolved itself into a pleasant and educational discussion between the teacher and her students. In the English literature class the subject of special study was "Hamlet," and the students evinced an almost perfect knowledge of their task. Quotations would be asked every now and again, and questions concerning the whole play, indicating the familiarity of the student with the work. "He was a man, take him all in all," "Seems, Madam! nay, 'tis," and "It is a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance," are a few of the quotations rendered, with their place in the play. A sort of literary talk followed, in which the chief works of Alexander Pope, author of the "Essay on Man," and the poet Dryden, were considered. There was an easy familiarity with the life, works and literary character of the writers of the period that impressed one with the thoroughness of the teaching.

The library is a curious place, with its great, massive, thick books in all corners. They are printed in New York point or ordinary embossed letters. I imagine that as a small print "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" is to a large print family Bible, so is a book of a certain length in our letters to one of the same length in the embossed type. The library is well stocked with interesting volumes of standard works. Everything of a frivolous character or a degrading tendency is carefully eliminated from the selection of books.

In a short time the dinner-bell rang out upon the air. Along came the girls first, in couples, arm in arm, laughing and chatting

gaily and going at a pace that only light hearts and good appetites could account for. The girls were no more than seated when the boys came along in the same order, only with a great deal more noise. It was a lively scene. I don't want to see knives and forks plied any better or faster anywhere.

The right of admission is granted to residents of the Province of Ontario who, being fairly healthy and reasonably intelligent, cannot be educated or trained by ordinary methods. As regards four-fifths of the pupils in attendance at the date of the examination, no question respecting their eligibility could arise, while one-fifth may be open to a discretionary judgment to be cautiously, but still generously, exercised. When it is found that the pupil, after trial, is ineligible, either by reason of an existing degree of vision larger than had been supposed, or by improved sight, retirement at the end of the session follows. For social reasons the admission of the partially sighted is of the highest importance. The totally blind youth will move, if uneducated and untrained, in a very contracted area. The loss to him is largely personal, or effects himself and his immediate surroundings. But the partially sighted, ranking as they may in other matters with the full sighted, are just as dangerous members of society if left in ignorance as the latter, with the further objection that their defect, however partial, circumscribes their opportunities for healthy and honest labour or employment. The community cannot afford to incur such danger as the enforced idleness of any class is sure to entail.

The writing class. "Writing!" you say, "a class of blind pupils writing!" Yes, they are writing from the teacher's dictation, and writing swiftly. I was shown a specimen, but, alas! it was an enigma to me. It was marvellous how quickly they could write in embossed characters. In one room the lesson somehow was cremation. "What do you think of cremation, anyhow?" I asked a pleasant-looking little fellow who sat near the door. "I think it is a burning shame," he answered, as he looked up at me and smiled. It was a very good answer; don't you think so?

Now for the junior writing class. The caligraphy was done on a board, either thin wood or heavy paper. It was ruled from top to bottom with little grooves. The paper was placed on the top of the board, and fastened there, and the little writer simply wrote into the grooves. The groove lines guided the hand. You would have found some little difficulty in reading it at first, but not any more, certainly, than if you were reading my own, or that of some people who, forgetful of their own efforts, smile pityingly at mine.

GEOGRAPHY CLASS. SECTIONAL MAPS.

You wonder, don't you, how they would teach natural history to a non-seeing class of persons? Well, it is pretty much a case of first catch your fish and then fry them. In one of the rooms of the institution you will find a large number of stuffed birds of the air and beasts of the field, and I think I might venture to add fish of the sea. These are handled by the pupils, their characters, habits and genus explained, and the result is that these students are as conversant with the more outstanding features of the more common animals as the students of other schools. The wonderful power of touch and the remarkable feats of memory shown by the boys and girls has the effect of enabling them practically to see with their fingers, and see clearly, too.

Geography is taught by a system of dissected maps; that is a series of wooden maps on a flat board all divided up into sections, with rivers, cities and mountains marked with nails. Without a moment's hesitation a little fellow, of not more than eight or nine years, took hold of the map, and beginning at the Maritime Provinces, traced the Intercolonial through Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec to Point Levis; the G. T. R. to Ottawa, and the C. P. R. from thence to Vancouver, naming every principal or important city, town, river and mountain *en route,* and going out of his way to point out the lakes of the great North-West. "What is the name of this river?" I said, laying my finger on the Rocky Mountains. "'Taint a river," came the quick response, "it's a big mountain," and he turned towards me with a pitying smile.

In one room the teacher and pupils were discussing the respective merits of fall and spring wheat. In a box lay a quantity of wheat, corn, coal and other cereals and minerals. The children handle the various articles and familiarize themselves with them. By the mere sense of touch they could tell spring from fall wheat. It was more than I could do by looking at them. A Bible lesson was given; the subject chosen was the Life of St. Paul. They showed an intimate knowledge of that interesting history, and no number of catch questions seemed to baffle them.

We turned into the gymnasium for a little, where I found the teacher exercising a class of grown-up girls. In the bar-bell exercises and calisthenics generally, the class I saw was a splendid one. The drill, position, poetry of motion, carriage and deportment of the members of the class were everywhere excellent.

I had ample opportunity of hearing the vocal and instrumental talent of the institution. The music hall contains a magnificent pipe organ, and I have heard pupils of the institution give renditions upon it that would bring the blush of shame upon many

a professional organist. An eminent musical authority, Professor Ambrose, writes to the Government most enthusiastically of the musical classes. The pupils write their own music from dictation.

In the musical department, of course, mention must be made of Mr. W. G. Raymond, who is instructor in piano-tuning for the institution. His pupils are making remarkable progress in the art of tuning, and are, under his guidance, acquiring the knowledge of a profession that can be turned to a profitable purpose.

In the willow shop the pupils are taught a trade, and some twenty-three pupils have availed themselves of it. I saw the chair and basket-workers at work, and I saw abundant proofs of their labour. A great heap of chairs, settees, chair moulds, baskets, and fancy willow and wicker-work of every kind greets the visitor. Much of this work has been at the Chicago Fair, and had been justly admired. It well deserved to be.

You cannot leave such an institution without some reflections —that is, if you are at all a ruminative animal. Mine were of the pleasantest description. I had spent several hours amid inspiring surroundings, and I can understand why the non-seeing do not parade their defect as well as why visiting clergymen are requested not to dwell on the story of blind Bartimæus. These pupils are prepared for life's battle by means specially adapted to their circumstances. Ontario has reason to feel proud of the work done here, and of the incalculable benefits conferred upon an unfortunate people. Rigid economy and the highest efficiency are the watchwords of the principal and his officers, and their watchwords are maintained. The institution is free from class and creed distinctions. Our proud boast in the past has been that public institutions for ameliorating the conditions of the distressed have had the warmest support of men of all parties.

HOMEWARD.

The day dies slowly in the western sky ;
The sunset splendour fades, and wan and cold
The far peaks wait the sunshine ; cheerfully
The shepherd calls the wanderers to their fold.
My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
Take comfort ; evening bringeth all things home.

Homeward the swift-winged sea-gull takes its flight,
The ebbing tide breaks softly on the sand ;
The red-sailed boats draw shoreward for the night,
The shadows deepen over sea and land ;
Be still my soul ; thine hour shall also come ;
Behold, one evening, God shall lead thee home.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN IN HEATHEN LANDS.

BY MRS. L. J. HARVIE.

EVERY Church should be a missionary Church. A *living* Church is always aggressive. Only when the Church forgets the great mission entrusted to it, nay, the chief object of its existence, the salvation of souls, the conversion of the world, the waging of a never-ceasing warfare against the kingdom and sovereignty of Satan, does it become cold, indifferent, *dead*. Look at the Church of the first century—but a handful, comparatively, of men and women, and the most of these rude and uncultured; yet, with hearts fired with a zeal and enthusiasm born of their devoted love to their Master, they went everywhere preaching the Word, and became, as the Saviour predicted, His witnesses, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. Thank God, that the latter part of this nineteenth century, as well as the first, is an age of missionary enterprise. Sixty years ago, the foreign missionaries of the Evangelical Churches might be counted by scores; to-day, they number thousands, with a native ministry growing rapidly in numbers and usefulness. Less than fifty years ago, the sainted Duff, who has been so closely identified with Indian missions—the man with the heart and tongue of fire—stood before a Scottish assemblage, and almost fainting with excess of longing and emotion, cried out: "If the fathers and mothers of Scotland have no more sons whom they can send to India, I will go back and show them that there is one old man who is willing to die for them." And Bushnell, weak, worn, and ready to die, turned his steps back to Africa, because he could find no strong, young Christian to take his place. To-day the youth, the energy, and the culture of the Church are laid at the feet of the Master for the cause of Foreign Missions.

But especially is this age remarkable for the rapid development of what is known as "Woman's Work for Woman in Heathen Lands." In reality, however, this movement can scarcely be called a new departure. Women were always eager and successful workers for God. But this age is characterized not so much by a few brilliant souls, who, among woman, have outshone all others in holy living and self-denying efforts for their pagan sisters, as by a great volume of self-sacrificing work, the outcome of hundreds of thousands of interested hearts.

What is "woman's work for woman in heathen lands"? In the language of a recent writer we say: "Woman's work for woman

carries with it far more than the simple idea of a single woman going to heathen lands for the purpose of instructing a few little girls in the Bible; it means, also, a thousand influences breathed from every action and word of a missionary woman, either married or single; it means a Christian home in a pagan land; it means a gathering of women in zenana, harem, street, or bazaar, for the purpose of studying the Scriptures; it means a congregation to worship God in spirit and in truth, where all around are heathen temples, idols, and foolish ceremonials; it means all and everything a woman can do to stem the tide of evil which sweeps her sisters, beyond all others, to misery and degradation, and to draw these by every power, direct or indirect in the sheltering arms of a Saviour's love."

Permit me, in a few words to sketch the rise and progress of the movement known as "woman's work for woman in heathen lands." Nearly thirty-four years ago, a missionary's wife, Mrs. Mullens, sat in her parlour at Calcutta embroidering a pair of slippers for her husband. A Brahmin gentleman came in, saw, and admired them. Mrs. Mullens, quick to avail herself of an opportunity, asked him if he would not like to have *his* wife taught to make a pair of slippers for him. He replied in the affirmative. Other invitations followed, and, in the glowing words of Miss Britton, *a pair of slippers* became the means of opening to the lady missionaries thousands of homes, over which the dark pall of an idolatrous superstition had hung for ages.

The year following this opening, in 1861, the wife of Rev. Frances Mason, Baptist missionary to Burmah, visited Calcutta, and became thoroughly interested in the new movement, viz: the Christian education of the women and girls in the zenanas, and upon her return to the United States a few months later, made an earnest appeal in its behalf to the Christian women of her own land. The formation of the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands," the pioneer Woman's Society of this continent, was the result of this appeal. This society is still full of life and vigour, supporting missionaries in China, Japan, India, etc.

The formation of the "Woman's Congregational Board of Missions" followed in the year 1868.

In the year 1869, "The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church," United States, was formed, and this year their contributions for Foreign Mission work amounted to $200,000. The "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in the United States" was organized in 1870, and subsequently six additional societies have

been formed in connection with the Presbyterian Church. The formation of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Baptist Church in the United States" followed in the year 1871.

Turning to Canada, we find the "Canadian Woman's Board of Foreign Missions" organized in Montreal in 1871. In 1876 the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada (western section)," having its headquarters at Toronto, was established, and simultaneously occurred the formation of a society in the eastern section, having its headquarters at Halifax.

Our Baptist sisters of the eastern section have had a "Missionary Aid Society," since the year 1871, and in 1876 the Baptist women of Ontario organized the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Baptist Church in Canada (western section)." These societies are full of life, and are supporting mission work among the Telugus in India. They have been more enterprising than their sister societies in Canada, having already, edited by a woman, a valuable little paper called *The Missionary Link*.

Fourteen years ago, a "Woman's Board of Missions in connection with the Methodist Church of Canada," was formed. Auxiliaries are rapidly being established in the various towns and cities, and last year the noble sum of $39,808,375 was contributed by this society. It has become responsible for mission work in our own North-West, and has a large staff of workers in Japan. A new field was entered last year in West China; an evangelistic and medical missionary being sent to take charge of the mission. The Christian women of older societies must bestir themselves, or these sisters of the Canadian Methodist Church will speedily overtake them, and, ere long, be the advance guard in this loving service for the women of heathen lands.

We gladly note, also, that the Christian women of the Episcopal Church are rapidly falling into the line of the foreign work. Already several societies have been formed, and the outlook for the future is most encouraging.

In view of the facts presented in this sketch, it will be seen that the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is now not only a recognized but an important department of Church work.

The object of these societies is threefold, viz., to give enlargement and contentment to thousands of Christian workers at home; to contribute towards the evangelization of heathen women and children; and to send to the foreign field lady missionaries, giving them not only temporal, but moral support, by womanly sympathies and prayers.

First—To give enlargement and contentment to Christian

workers at home. What is the best antidote for selfishness and discontent? Why, simply *work*. Give the Christian women in our Churches something to *do;* let them see and know about others; broaden the vision, until it is wide enough, strong enough, to take in the whole world. And in the consideration of the misery and degradation of their sisters in heathen lands, peace and contentment, the result of a thankful spirit for their many blessings and privileges, will fill their lives.

Second—To contribute means for the evangelization of the women and children of heathen lands. The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that moves the world. Woman is the controlling power that holds together not only the religion of Christian but of pagan lands. At the Missionary Congress in Calcutta, in 1882, a lady missionary said: "I believe that the *heart* of Hinduism is *not* in the mystic teaching of the Vedas or Shasters, but it is enshrined in the homes, in the family life and hereditary customs of the people—fed, preserved and perpetuated by the wives and mothers of India." Scarcely a man in the Christian world, who is a follower of the Lord Jesus, but knows that, next to God, his mother has done more for his spiritual life and growth than any other being in the universe. It was the threefold cord of her prayers, her love, and her influence, that, even when his bark was wildly tossing among the shoals of sin and folly, held him safely moored to God and the Bible. Then let the mothers and daughters of Canada be encouraged in this work, knowing that the conversion of the world will move on but slowly until the women of heathendom are won for Christ.

Third—To support by womanly sympathies, prayers and gifts, lady missionaries in the foreign field. As far as women are concerned in India, the ordained missionary is comparatively useless, because in many districts he can have no access to them. The average attendance of woman in our Christian Churches is, probably, two-thirds; and taking the same ratio, we have two-thirds of all those who might be reached by the Gospel message, outside the influence of the Christian missionary. To meet this necessity, and as openings have occurred, lady missionaries have been sent to the field. And what plan more appropriate than that these should be sustained by Christian women, and not only by their gifts, but by their prayers. These noble women who have gone to the foreign field are our representatives. They have descended for us into the deep, dark abyss of paganism. Let us not fail to encircle them with the strong ropes of prayer, that they do not sink beneath the burdens and responsibilities of their work. And let us be generous in our estimates for the support of our lady

missionaries. The labourer is worthy of his hire; and our missionaries must be free from anxious thoughts about ways and means, and the necessity of making ends meet, in order that their whole time and strength may be devoted to their work of faith and labour of love.

Why should the women of Christian lands be interested in, and associated with, "Woman's Work for Woman in Heathen Lands"?

Because of the need of pagan women. Dr. Joseph Cook tells us that there are three hundred millions of women on this planet who have only the Buddhist hope of being born again as men instead of as toads and snakes; that there are eighty millions of women in Moslem harems; and that there are uncounted millions of men, women and children, growing up in the most degraded superstition, and suffering in mind, body and estate from inherited pagan customs. In India to-day there are twenty-one millions of widows, and sixty thousand of these are under the age of six years. In Bengal alone, we have millions of women caged in the zenanas, who can never, by any chance, unless through the lady missionary, or the lady medical missionary, be reached by the Gospel.

The life of women in India is epitomized in the following true statement, made by one of their own nation: "The daughters of India are unwelcomed at their birth, untaught in childhood, enslaved when married, accursed as widows, and unlamented when they die." Let the women of Bible lands look down from the high plane upon which they stand, and strive, by the introduction of the Gospel of Christ, which is the basis of all liberty, to lift from the degradation of a slave's life the women of heathen lands.

Two great hindrances to mission work in India are, the early marriages of the women and enforced widowhood. The attention of the Woman's Missionary Boards, both in the United States and Canada, have been directed to these two great evils, and a movement is at present on foot, which we trust will result in memorializing Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria and Empress of India, on this most important subject. It is highly necessary that the movement be universal, and the expectation is that the societies of all the Evangelical Churches will move simultaneously in the matter.

The question is often asked, Is missionary enterprise a paying investment? Is the return in any way equal to the amount expended? We reply by asking, What is the value of an immortal soul? One who knew, made a statement, and from it we infer that one soul is of more value than the whole world.

Protestant Christendom expends to-day about $7,500,000 for missions annually; and what is the return? Thirty thousand converts in Burmah; 40,000 in China; 30,000 in Japan; in South Africa 157,000 communicants, and a Christian population of over 300,000; in Fiji the missionaries have won a population of over 100,000, previously cannibals; in India over 220,000. This is a small part of what is being done, and yet we ask, Does mission work pay? Christian women of the United States are contributing about $1,000,000—one-tenth the amount they expend upon kid gloves—annually, to Foreign Missions. Mrs. Murray Mitchell tells us that, in India alone, there are thousands of women who are hidden Christians, and yet we ask, Will this work for the women of heathen lands pay?

Thank God, the cause of missions is a winning one! Bunyan, in describing the wonderful journey of Christian to the Celestial City, relates that in passing through the House of the Interpreter, he saw many things worthy of careful study; among others, a fire burning with bright and steady flame on a hearth, even though one was pouring water upon it. The fire was the kingdom of our Lord on the earth. Since this fire was lighted at the Cross, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, Satan has been pouring water upon it; but the fire has burned on. And blood fresh and hot from human hearts, has fallen upon it, but as the martyr's song has been wafted heavenward, the flame has burned stronger, and mounted higher. Avalanches of formality, indifference, mammon-worship and infidelity have fallen upon it, but still the flame burns on, because fed by the Holy Spirit of God. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ. Already, whichever way we turn, we see traces of the day-dawn. "The east shows something more than dark clouds fringed with gold." The Sun of Righteousness is arising with healing in His wings. The host of the Lord—the Christian women of the Churches—is encamped beside the great sea of paganism. The command is, speak to them that they go forward—that they go forward to plant Immanuel's standard in every land, on every sea-girt isle, until the Cross, the emblem of Christ crucified for the world, waves from shore to shore from the rivers even to the ends of the earth.

How bright Thy lowly manger beams!
Down earth's dark vale its glory streams.
The splendour of Thy night
Shines through all time in deathless light.

A TRAGIC NIGHT AND A DARK MORNING.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

THE gladness of the Christmas commemoration had passed, and all the bells from twice ten thousand steeples had rung out their loudest, merriest peal in honour of that august event, which, with more than royal power, has flung its impress over earth's strange and tumultuous history and life. Larger numbers of the world's population than ever before had shared in the general rejoicing, and though the deep, grand significance of the fact so widely celebrated was realized by but a few of all the millions who had greeted the festive days, there was a broadening conviction that in this Christmas anniversary, lifting itself like a golden milestone in the pathway of the years, and in this busiest of all centuries, causing the swiftly-flying machinery of human affairs to pause awhile, there must be something very potent and intensely true and real.

It was amid the vanishing symbols of this bright, glad commemoration and the dying echoes of unnumbered triumphant songs, which had filled the spacious sanctuaries, cathedrals and myriad homes of Christendom that the darkness of the strangest of all nights fell upon me, and, as I imagined, the most disastrous of all calamities in the tragic experiences of this toiling globe took place.

By, to me, some unaccountable, mysterious movement of a vast and infernal machine, I thought that during the silent hours of that dreadful night, *everything* that Christ and Christianity had put into this world's history, life and present-day civilization and thought was suddenly torn out, not a vestige in any form whatever being allowed to remain. Every truth, principle, memory, deed, influence, institution, and achievement of the historic faith had completely disappeared, and when I awoke as I imagined in my troubled dream, I awoke in a changed world.

After that more than earthquake-shock I went abroad to look upon a desolation such as time's long years had never seen. Every name that bore the Christian designation had been blotted out of the world's calendar of the distinguished living and the famous dead. Not a Christian sanctuary on all the earth remained, all, all had disappeared during that grim and awful night, leaving great gaping wounds in every city, village and quiet country scene wherever the religion of the Cross had built the symbols

of its presence and power. In London, New York, and ten thousand other centres of human life not a single Christian temple or home could be found.

Filled with deep emotion, and wearied with the burden of an ever-increasing sorrow, I awaited the return of the peaceful Sabbath-day; but the hush and calm, after the uproar and thunder of that nameless week, never came. This age-honoured day of rest, with its tender solemnities and memories, had utterly vanished. The huge machinery of the world was driven onward, and its ponderous wheels were kept in motion by forces which knew no worship and recognized in man no soul or keen and piteous need.

I asked for a Bible, but though over two hundred million copies had been put into circulation, in more than three hundred languages, and were in existence the day before that sudden sinking out of sight of all Christian things, not a single copy of the blessed Book could be found in any home or library of the world. The Book of books was no more. Men in trouble, baffled by bewildering mysteries, and crushed by the terrible experiences of life, asked for the Christian message; but a strange silence, or the touching echoes of men's wailing cries were all that came back to them in that hour of sore distress and deepening despair.

The splendid libraries of the world were a shapeless, hopeless wreck; millions upon millions of books had disappeared from their shelves, and countless volumes which remained were left in such a state of incompleteness as to become utterly unintelligible, all Christian sentiments, references, ideas, characters, facts, influences and names having vanished in that memorable but terrible night.

I found myself also in an almost songless world; the inspiring hymns of the Christian ages were all gone, the grand creations of the great composers were no longer upon the earth; all, all were among the things that were no more, and a strange, sad silence reigned where glad strains had filled innumerable churches and homes in the brighter and happier days.

When the various palaces of art, where had been the celebrated paintings whose fame had filled the world, were searched, not a single picture inspired by Christian truth could be found; they, too, had joined the great procession of departed treasures during that dark and tragic night.

Show me, I cried, in those hours of strange disaster, the thousands of institutions where pain had found a shelter, and the various forms of human anguish had in other times secured a couch upon which to lean their weary heads; and to my surprise and dismay, I found that the vast, beneficent hospital system of the world had sunk

out of sight, leaving multitudes of poor, helpless sufferers uncared for, all former alleviations having in some mysterious manner been withdrawn. What a scene of human misery, unaided and unblessed, lay in almost every land, with a future dark and cheerless as the grave.

The magnitude of that midnight withdrawal was increased when I discovered that every missionary organization upon the face of the earth, and all the redeeming machinery and forces of the nineteenth century had also disappeared, and not a fragment of the old order of things remained to light up a single square mile of the appalling, unbroken heathen gloom which had been left behind. The voice of Christian prayer was stilled the world around, every consolation gone from myriads of rooms of the sick and the dying, from millions of the aged, the sorely pressed by life's deep mystery and sorrows—the light had gone out and no other dawn had risen upon their darkened lives.

But what amazed and saddened me more than all else was the degeneration that had come to multitudes of men and women who had been lights in the Church and in the world. Their characters were suddenly and strangely deformed, for out of them every Christian hope, impulse, idea and motive had been completely eliminated, and they were left moral paupers in this changed and poorer world.

When the full extent of the loss which had been entailed by the vanishing from earth of the Christian faith was realized, it was found that from the whole infinitely varied and magnificent fabric of the age the best and noblest possessions and powers had passed away in that great departure, and a depleted and ruined world was all that remained. The religious conceptions of many millions, as they related to sin, to God, to man, to duty, and the future, had entirely disappeared, and it seemed as if by one fell swoop men had been thrown backward to the pagan superstitions of 1900 years ago, and that the customs and cruelties and degradations of that old Roman world had been suddenly revived. Human life had been changed, and changed immeasurably for the worse; childhood was once more under the domination of heathen influences, and the woman side of humanity had passed into its ancient humiliations, privations and nameless sorrows.

The material, social, intellectual, moral and religious environment of nearly half of the inhabitants of the globe had met with a disaster which no words I could command would fully express. Progress, even its poorer aspects, had been visibly arrested; the larger part of the educational institutions upon the earth had also been swept away, and justice, liberty, human rights, and the

deeper significance of human existence were terms largely emptied of the meaning with which they had been charged by the Gospel of the Son of God. Grim shadows had suddenly fallen upon the colossal graves in which were buried objects distinctly Christian, and they wrapped their gloomy folds over many other interests affecting human society and human life.

Great ideals had perished, noble influences were dead, bright hopes ceased to sing in countless hearts of happier days to come; and over tens of thousands of the dying there spread the pall of a great despair.

It seemed to me that out of the past eighteen hundred years, all that had been done in Christ's name and by Christ's spirit, and truth, and power, had also passed away; and behold, the brightest things of time, the redeeming forces and influences had all gone out in that momentous shock of which I have spoken. The march of the centuries had been reversed by the movements of those memorable midnight hours, and I found myself looking upon an age and world from which had disappeared the highest organizations, interpretations, examples, consolations, hopes, songs, joys and grand substantial facts of history. It was a Christless world that lay spread out before me, marked by myriads of hopeless ruins, and bereft of that which had been its glory and its crown; and as the great moral darkness crept over me I seemed to hear a voice full of deep solemnity and a pathos which words cannot describe, crying out: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

Dear reader, this was a dream, and yet it is vastly more than a dream; for let men say what they will about the place and power of Christianity in our world to-day, and of its slow progress in human affairs, if that Christian system should be displaced and entirely removed to-morrow from the world, and be no more, instead of our picture being in any sense overdrawn, it would be found to be an understatement of the results which would inevitably follow its removal from the earth. The hold of the Gospel is deep and strong upon the age and world of to-day, and unbelief has undertaken a gigantic task when it attempts to unseat this divine and beneficent power.

SACKVILLE, N.B.

CHIME out, O joyful bells!
All worldly discords drown!
Yield up your green, O trees!
To make a Christmas crown!

Give up your best, O earth,
Make room, O human heart,
That He who comes this day
May nevermore depart.

THE NEED OF THE WORLD.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. NELLES.

If I were called upon to state, in brief, what is the need of our time, I should not hesitate to say, the enforcement of the Gospel of Christ on its spiritual and practical side; in this I would include a simplification of some Christian creeds, and the throwing overboard of a good deal of rubbish which was, perhaps, never of much service, and is of decided disservice in the present day. In fact in making Christianity a practical power over the earth it will be necessary to keep close to the teaching and spirit of the New Testament, which requires a firm and emphatic repudiation of a good deal which has passed and still passes for Gospel.

The scepticism of our time and of past time has been very much occasioned and fostered by erroneous conceptions of God and religion. It would be very hard to be a Christian if this meant the approval of the ecclesiastical system of the Church of Rome, or the cruel dogmas of Augustine, and Edwards, and Calvin. A protest is still to be lifted against types of theology which make theology incredible, and the world a hideous enigma. But if, on the other hand, we get some reasonable and humane conception of God and the Gospel, then it is the Gospel above all things that the world needs, and needs in a pervading and practical way.

The age is remarkable for restless activity in all directions, and amid the vigorous and varied play of forces, mental and physical, there is required especially the one higher and better force, which is embodied in Christ and His Gospel. It is here that we find God's method for bringing the world into loving obedience to Himself. The good work has gone on apace through the ages, but amid many sad perversions and retrogressions. The eddies run hither and thither, but onward still rolls the great river; in a circuitous course, but with ever-increasing volume.

Just now the masses are lifting their heads in a most ominous way. There is a blind instinct of want. There is an equal instinct of dormant energy. Democracy is becoming dominant, or, at least, conscious of its power of domination. Only one thing can save the world from violence and chaos, and that is the enthronement in all hearts of the law of Christ, speculations, dogmas, forms, discoveries, inventions, works of art, strains of

music and song, all these will have their sphere; but what we most need is a deep and solemn sense of our relations to God and the great hereafter, together with a hopeful view of the marvellous redemptive influences of Him who turned the water into wine and raised Lazarus from the grave.

It is, I fear, becoming more a question with men, even in Christian lands, whether there be any God or any hereafter; and while philosophic and scholarly minds are dealing in their own way with such negations, it remains for Christian people to exemplify, and with augmented earnestness, the practical graces of the Gospel, causing them to see that there is no power to heal and bless like the religion of the cross. The unhappy misconceptions which have prevailed as to the nature of Christianity will gradually, we trust, disappear. Already there are many signs of a closer approximation to the true idea and spirit of the Gospel, and with this approximation will come an increase of power over all forms of evil.

That the world will accept certain sectarian types of ecclesiastical teaching is not probable, and it is not desirable; but the elementary principles of the Gospel—the faith, the hope, the charity of the Gospel—these must finally prevail; or, if not, then, indeed, the world is no cosmos or rational order, but only chaos and a kind of sham world—in fact a devil's world and not at all God's world.

But to such a faith, or no-faith, it is not possible for men generally to come. Always in the great heart of man lives and burns a moral and rational ideal of things, and this, along with the inward sadness and unrest of humanity heaving and moaning like the sea, will ever draw the world onward, with an indestructible faith and hope, toward the infinite God and some indescribable glory yet to be revealed. Always we shall see visions of some grand celestial city, with its pearly gates, its jasper walls, its golden streets, its crystal river, its tree bearing all manner of fruits, with its leaves for the healing of the nations. The ear of faith will never cease to hear the echoes of the eternal song and the harpers harping with their harps. There is that within us by reason of which the Gospel will, from time to time, recall humanity from dreary atheism and pessimism, and preclude their final prevalence. And the more extreme the pessimism, the more vigorous will be the rebound into the arms of Him whose voice sounds evermore in our ears, saying, "Believe in God; believe also in me." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

This glorious city of the Apocalypse, this coming "republic

of God," may seem to our sceptical friends only a dream. I will not say, let me cherish it still although but a dream, but will rather say, that, while even as a dream it has been more beneficent than the realities of scepticism, there is something incredible in the thought that such visions forever hover before us only to betray us at the last. All the lower instincts are presentiments of corresponding good; it is not hard to believe that these higher ones may have a similar validity and prophetic power. The need of the world is to so heed these aspirations and hopes as to turn the prophecy both of Scripture and the human heart into historic verity. And what has been done thus far is ample encouragement to mind the same things and walk by the same rule. Let those who boast of the triumphs of experimental science learn to read aright this experiment of the Gospel in moral and social progress, and they will find ample proof that Christianity is by far the best thing that has yet come into the world, from whatever source we may suppose it to have come. Even when we censure the Church we censure her from principles which she has preserved. In bearing witness against herself she bears witness for the Gospel.

BEYOND.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE stranger wandering in the Switzer's land,
Before its awful mountain tops afraid,—
Who yet with patient toil hath gained his stand
On the bare summit where all life is stayed,

Sees far, far down, beneath his blood-dimmed eyes,
Another country, golden to the shore,
Where a new passion and new hopes arise,
Where southern blooms unfold forevermore.

And I, lone sitting by the twilight blaze,
Think of another wanderer in the snows,
And on more perilous mountain tops I gaze
Than ever frowned above the vine and rose.

Yet courage, soul! nor hold thy strength in vain.
In hope o'ercome the steeps God set for thee,
For past the Alpine summits of great pain
Lieth thine Italy.

A LAY PREACHER.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"I DON'T know," said Mrs. Simmons, shaking her head. "I don't know what on airth Mr. Styles' folks will do. She's dreadful delicate, and he's got dear knows what's a-ailin' of him—minister's complaints, dyspepsia, 'nd suthin' er nuther in his throat; and there's them two peepin' miser'ble children. They hain't been here but goin' on three months, 'nd their help's goin' to leave—don't like the country. Land alive, how notional them helps be! Anybody would think, to hear 'em talk, they'd lived in first-class houses to home, and had the best of society and all the privileges."

"That's so," heartily returned Uncle Israel Jinks, who was leaning on Mrs. Simmons' gate, having, as he phrased it, "a dish o' talk."

"That's so, marm; them sort of folk is like the wind—allers a-blowin'. I've observed considerable, bein' in years an' allers keepin' my eyes open; and I've allers noticed that the things folks makes the most fuss over is the things they hain't got. That's human natur', Miss Simmons. We all hear the sermon for the folks in the next pew. Human natur' is queer, very queer, on-accountable."

"Well!" snapped Mrs. Simmons, who seemed to feel a thorn in Uncle Israel's illustrations somewhere, "that ain't the p'int we was aimin' at. We've all got human natur' to be born with, so we've got to lump it. The p'int is, can anybody in this town be got to help Miss Styles for a spell—anybody that'll stay till they can better themselves?"

Uncle Israel lifted his straw hat with one hand a little way, and began to scratch his head. "What should you say to Desire Flint, now?"

There was a hesitating sound in the cracked voice and a glimmer of suspense in the faded blue eyes as he spoke.

"Desire Flint! ! !" No hesitation in Mrs. Simmons' prompt reply. "Why, Uncle Israel, she ain't no better than a fool! anyways, not much."

"She ain't a fool; she ain't nobody's fool," was the meditative answer. "Desire's simple, but sometimes I think a good many folks would be better for a grain of her simpleness, 'nd she's real handy if you'll tell her just exactly what to do and how to do it. Dr. Porter said she nussed old Miss Green splendid, jest as faithful as could be, nothin' forgot or slighted. There's suthin' in that, now, I tell ye."

"She does say the queerest things. You know yourself how she up and told Deacon Mather he was a wolf."

"I know, I know; she speaks in meetin', that's a fact, and she's got the Bible to her tongue's end, and she b'lieves in 't, lock an' stock. Now we all know 't won't do to swaller the Bible whole that way. Where should we be if we did? Goody

gracious! Miss Simmons, what ef you should up an' give Black Cæsar half your cabbages jest 'cause he gin you half o' his early corn last year when your crop gin out?"

There was a momentary twinkle in Uncle Israel's eye as he made this remark, and Mrs. Simmons winced; but she recovered herself with great presence of mind.

"Mebbe t'wouldn't be so bad in a minister's family."

"Ministers is men," dryly rejoined the old man. To which undeniable fact Mrs. Simmons assented by silence.

"Then Desire is first-rate with children."

"She'd considerable better be fust-rate at hard work," retorted the good woman.

Uncle Israel knew when he had said enough, so he lifted his pail and walked away. But the idea took root in Mrs. Simmons' mind and flourished. Poor, pale Mrs. Styles would have welcomed into her house a gorilla that could wash and iron, so in a week Desire Flint was set over the parsonage kitchen.

She did not look like a gorilla in the least. A patient, over-driven look characterized her face at the first glance. It was pale, and the cheek-bones high; the mouth full and sweet, half-closing over prominent teeth, a pair of large, sad gray eyes, and a high, smooth forehead completing a visage that, after the tired look passed away, as it did when she spoke or smiled, was utterly simple; not like a child's, which has a sense of humour, of coquetry, of perception even, in its round, soft, lineaments; but more like the face of a baby, that receives all things as they seem to be, that accepts but does not impart, except passively.

No doubt there was something odd about Desire. She was an orphan. Her father died before her birth, and her mother, a weak, amiable girl, left poor and helpless, died when her baby came, for pure want of "grit," the doctor said; so baby went to the poor-house, a silent, unsmiling, but healthy child, who made no trouble and grew up in ways of the most direct obedience—her great fault being a certain simple credulity that in its excess was so near utter folly that she passed for half-witted.

Nothing ever made Desire lie. Nobody could lie to her, even in the absurdest way, and not be believed. She was teased and tormented at school till all the boys and most of the girls found it too easy of doing to be an amusement, and acquired a dull sort of respect for a girl who was too simple to comprehend unkindness or evil. The only book that fell into her way at the poor-house was her father's old Bible, that had been carefully laid aside for her; and over this she pored Sundays and sometimes of a rainy day, till she almost knew it by heart, and received it with absolute and unquestioning faith. It produced a curious effect upon a character so direct as hers. All things were brought to its pages and tried as by the only standard; and all things were to her either right or wrong. Her logic was stringent, her obedience instant; but it was a great nuisance to have her about among common folks!

Such people naturally are nuisances, this is no world for them, and poor Desire's home at the poor-house became a permanent one. She laboured there with a good will, and once in a while she went out to nurse some poor body suffering under mortal illness, who could not pay for more able attendance and who was too ill to be a stumbling-block to Desire's practical Christianity and to incur her remark or rebuke; so that she fairly earned her living. But it was a great pleasure to her now to be brought into a new home where there were children; for children were the delight of her heart, and there were five of these delightful, troublesome, tormenting comforts in the Styles family, besides the baby.

Poor little Mrs. Styles was a minister's wife. In her girlhood she had imagined this to be an honour almost beyond ambition—a sort of half-way saintship, that should open the very doors of heaven to her while yet on earth; and when she reached this awful pinnacle and became the promised bride of the Rev. Samuel Styles, a tall, pale, solemn youth, with head in the clouds, her real, human love mingled with the superhuman aspect of the matter till she felt, as the old schoolmaster used to say, "exalted to heaven on the point of a privilege." But when she was fairly married to her adored Samuel and set in her place as official "minister's wife" over a small parish, where salary was just enough to starve on, and half paid at that, pretty little Nellie Styles found out that, as Uncle Israel said, "ministers are men," and heaven is no nearer their wives than it is to other people.

The Reverend Samuel had been resolved on entering the ministry from childhood; he had been educated by a widowed mother to that end; he had been shut up, like a half-fledged chicken in a coop, in that orthodox monastery, a theological seminary, for four years; crammed with good theology and poor food; plenty of Hebrew and no fresh air; Greek paradigms, but not a particle of exercise; a thorough and exhaustive knowledge of the lives of prophets, apostles and saints, but no acquaintance with or interest in the lives of every-day people about him; a straight faith in his own creed and a sincere disgust at every other; and withal learning from the atmosphere which surrounded him an unconscious lesson, agreeable extremely to the natural man—a lesson of his own importance and superiority to the rest of mankind.

Thanks to the vitality of the Christian religion, which will leaven the lump in due time and stand its own ground in defiance of all the stifling and cellarage it undergoes at the hands of trembling men, terrified lest air should overthrow it and light blast it, the ministerial training-schools of to-day are far superior to those of thirty years ago; and even in their first estate there were mighty men of valour, whose broad and healthy natures defied their cramping and withstood their mildew; but this man was by nature narrow and acid, the saving graces of his character being a deep though silent affectionateness and a rugged honesty. But in spite of these traits, which needed sunshine and strength

to develop them, he was turned out into the world a tolerably good preacher and an intolerably selfish, dogmatic man. Men can sometimes preach very well what they do not practice, so the Reverend Mr. Styles became a popular preacher and was exalted from one parish to another, till at last his health failed and he was forced to take charge of the church in Coventry, a little village among the New England hills, to try what comparative rest and high, pure air would do for him.

By this time Mrs. Styles had become quite convinced that the way to heaven is

> "A strait and thorny road,
> And mortal spirits tire and faint,"

even when one *is* a minister's wife. She was a young thing when married, helpless, as American girls are apt to be, innocent, ignorant, loving, and with no constitution. Her first baby was at once a terror and a treasure. She gathered it from the gates of death and held the tiny blossom in unconscious hands for many a long day afterward; but sometimes in her secret heart she thought, as the heavy months rolled by, it was harder to live for it than to die for it.

Her bedroom was small and dark; no sun cast reviving rays into its north window. There was a large and pleasant chamber on the south-east corner of the house; but—"Of course I must have that for my study," announced the minister, when they first inspected the parsonage.

Then nobody who had to write sermons could lose an hour of sleep; therefore it was the weary little mother who walked of a night up and down with the wailing child. And daily, while the sermons were in process, the house must be hushed to perfect silence, or they could never be written.

Then came another baby. And by that time Mr. Styles had dyspepsia, and not only had to have his peculiar food, but a special preparation of it. What American woman of moderate purse and aching back does not know all that this implies in our present state of domestic servitude?

"Helen! this bread is sour!" was perhaps the only word spoken at the breakfast table by the poor man, whose temper certainly had no right to accuse the bread of acidity. But he had dyspepsia—the modern shield of Achilles which wards off all darts of accusation, which covers temper, incivility, injustice, selfishness, insolence, all under one broad shelter, and accredits to the stomach all the shortcomings of heart and soul!

Children came one after another to the broken-down, feeble, sweet little mother, two big, rosy boys, three delicate girls, and a blossom of a baby-girl, born in Coventry, and six months old when Desire Flint came to the rescue.

It did poor Nellie Styles' heart good to see her kitchen scrubbed and set in order, as she came in that afternoon with baby in her arms.

"Why, Desire," she said, "you have taken too much pains

with the kitchen; you might have left these windows till another day."

Desire regarded her with a vague, wondering smile.

"Yes, marm; but I like to do things with my might. That's what Bible says."

Helen looked at the plain, simple face sharply. She was not in the habit of hearing such familiar reference to the Bible, and Desire spoke of it as familiarly as most people do of a receipt-book. By night Desire had the kitchen cleaned thoroughly, the kettle on, the table laid, the berries sorted and washed, the milk pitcher and great loaf of bread in their places. Mrs. Styles came to her simple meal, to find all the children washed and brushed and everything in its accustomed place. It was in the poor little woman's nature to be grateful and kind; so she praised Desire again, only to hear—

"Why, marm, I had to. Bible says: 'Let everything be done decently and in order.'"

"You seem to use the Bible language very commonly, Desire," said Mrs. Styles gravely. The great gray eyes stared at her questioningly.

"Marm?"

"Why do you speak the Bible words so often, Desire, about every-day matters?"

"Oh! well, Bible says: 'Give us this day our daily bread,' I expect."

Helen was rather staggered with the quotation. Desire turned away as if there were no more to be said.

In a week comparative comfort reigned in the parsonage. "Dee," as the children called her, was no eye-server. What she knew how to do was thoroughly done. If she could not learn the nicer arts of cooking, she could at least bake and broil by the clock, could knead and scrub and wash with good will, and was devoted to the children. At first she regarded "the minister" with awful reverence; a respect he did not notice, being absorbed in the state of his soul and the state of his stomach, both of which would have been the better for a little wholesome letting alone. But after a while Dee began to understand that the minister was not perfect, and to bring "Bible" to bear upon him accordingly. She had astonished Mrs. Styles one morning when that poor little woman, worn out by a wakeful night with baby, and snapped at by her lord and master because breakfast was late, sat down on the doorstep to have a good cry, and was aroused by Dee with—

"Bible says: 'Rejoice always; and again I say unto you, Rejoice.'"

"But Dee," replied the startled mistress, "I can't always rejoice."

"Bible says so, marm. Don't cry! 'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.'"

Now it is a curious and involuntary testimony to the vital strength and truth of the Bible that, whereas, in general, no

abstract truth offered to a personal anguish soothes or heals that anguish in the least, the greatest propositions of this wonderful volume adapt themselves to the tiniest human capacity, even as the vast atmosphere fills with the breath of life the smallest insect; that the Lord reigned actually offered peace to Helen Styles, whose life was restless because of those little daily tortures—a cross husband and a teething baby! She wiped her eyes and went into breakfast with a placid face. Not long after the Reverend Samuel was invited to preach a sermon on some great occasion, and resolved to make a sensation thereby. In order that he might write, silence was inflicted on the whole house—the children sent out to the barn to play, the baby coaxed to sleep, and Mrs. Styles set to her darning, an endless, still-renewing labour; when all of a sudden loud screams were heard, and Eddie came howling in from the barn, with a bump like a purple hen's egg, and a bleeding nose. He had fallen off the mow and hit his forehead. Sympathy and arnica increased his grief; bawls and sobs penetrated into the sacred study where the father of the family sat knitting his brows over a very original exegesis of a hitherto obscure text. This was too much. He burst upon the scene, pen in hand, his dressing-gown awry, his hair on end (with running his fingers through it), his tongue loosed, and his dyspepsia (?) rampant.

"Eddy, you naughty boy, hold your tongue! I can't stand this noise."

"He's badly hurt, Samuel," put in pitiful mamma.

"I can't help that. He couldn't make more noise if he were killed. There's no need of such an outcry. Stop this minute, sir, or I'll box your ears."

Eddy stopped. The words and the angry look of his father's eyes compelled silence. Mr. Styles turned to go back to his sermon, and found Dee in the doorway, staring at him with all her eyes and an expression of mournful indignation. She did not move, but said slowly and wonderingly: "Bible says: 'Like as a father pitieth his children.'"

"Pshaw?" retorted the Reverend Samuel, putting her aside with one hand. But as he entered into his study, both her words and his own followed him and disturbed his exegesis a good deal, though at last he managed to get hold of the broken clue again and forgot Eddie's howls and bruises. But the sermon was long in coming to perfection. Vexing interruptions occurred. Three days after the first disturbance, Deacon Parker jogged up to the door with an urgent request that the minister should go directly to Mrs. Johns, a poor young widow, ill this long time, to-day dying, and anxious, after our poor human fashion, to have a human hand aid her down into the unknown darkness before her. Dee carried up the request and opened the study door, upon the very keynote of a mighty argument just built up in this minister's mind for his sermon—an argument conclusive enough to have knocked down the whole edifice of heterodoxy and crush all the Philistines under it; but this aggression of pastoral duties put the argument

itself to flight, and the minister's stomach got the upper hand of his soul. He stormed at Dee in a very ill-regulated way indeed. A layman would have sworn; but Mr. Styles recoiled from such language. He only scolded, and Dee received it all with the calm remark: "Bible says, 'Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt.'"

This was exasperating; but be it recorded to the honour of our friend's real honesty that he accepted the rebuke, or at least shifted his ground thereafter, for all he said was, "Tell the deacon I can't go, possibly. I don't believe Mrs. Johns is so ill. She's been sick a great while, and I can't leave my sermon."

The deacon heard these words from without, for the day was still and hot, as sometimes September days are, and the study windows wide open. It did not occur to Mr. Styles that he might have heard more; if he did, his own anxiety made him forget it. He called out loudly now—

"She's a dyin' sure, Mr. Styles. She's dreadfully on 't to see ye."

And the unterrified Dee put in: "Bible says, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these,'"—she stopped here, as if the alternative was too awful; but the minister's memory and conscience supplied the rest. He rose quietly, reached his hat, and in half an hour was praying by the widow's bedside.

"Never heard such a prayer in all my born days," said Deacon Parker to his wife that night. Seems as though he see the Lord a standin' right there and jest put Deley's hand right into His, so 's to pass acrost Jordan."

Had Dee brought this learned man nearer to his Lord than that wise and studied sermon could do? Certain it is that when this discourse came to be delivered, it had a glow about it, an earnestness that made the fathers of the church open their eyes with more interest than ordinary, and one man asked another if there was not something unusual in that sermon for Mr. Styles; but neither could define it. Nevertheless the Rev. Samuel told his wife that Desire was altogether too intrusive; that she seemed to have no respect for him or his office, and said she must speak to the girl and reprove her.

Mrs. Styles was not surprised, but she was grieved. She hated to hurt Dee, and contrived a thousand ways to make the matter pleasant, ending, as we all do, by speaking the plain facts to the girl, though in a kind voice. But it was in vain. Dee could not understand. "Bible said" was as far as her intellect could manage, and Mrs. Styles gave up the matter.

The children received this unintended education differently. Their childish souls were nearer Dee's level. She loved them so tenderly; she was so kind to them; she fed their hungry little hearts with such sweet words and caresses; such patient hearing and such prompt redressing of their small injuries; she was so true that they both respected and loved her, and what she said was to them authoritative. Children are logicians by instinct; it is all in vain to preach to them unless you also practise. It is idle to demand their love unless you are yourself lovable; there

is no law of gravitation more cogent than the instinct of a child which draws it to whatever is good, lovely, gracious, and sincere in its surroundings, and repels it from the evil, unkind and untrue. After a while it went home to the minister's heart that his children ran to Desire and away from him; that their religion was of her culture, not his. He heard, from his study window, many a colloquy between the little flock and their quaint teacher that opened his eyes slowly but surely. Once he would have forbidden these talks; now he listened to them eagerly.

"Eddy," said Joe, one Sunday, as they ate their pie and cheese on the kitchen piazza. "Papa said this morning God don't love wicked people. Dee says He loves everybody. Don't you, Dee?"

"I guess Dee knows," replied Eddy between the mouthfuls. "Dee talks Bible all the time. Dee acts Bible, too."

"Honour thy father and thy mother," broke in Desire. "Bible says that, Eddy."

"But how about God, Dee?"

"Bible says God loves sinners; it says sin is an abominable thing. Guess He loves the people, Joe, and don't like their doin's. I love you, but I don't love to have you plague Kitty and pull Ed's hair."

"O—h! that's it!" breathed the relieved little theologian, but went on: "What does God let people be wicked for, Dee?"

Mr. Styles pricked up his ears. Here was the awful problem of all theology, over which men had laboured and prayed and striven and gone mad, offered by one child to another. It was like seeing the stars brought down for a game of marbles, to the shocked yet curious divine. He did not just then remember who it was that set a little child in the midst of the disputing disciples and bade them become as such themselves.

Dee's face did not move from its Sunday calmness, as she said: "I don't know, Eddy. Bible says: 'What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter.' Dee can wait."

The Reverend Samuel Styles drew his head back from the window with a certain abashed expression. He had preached at least ten excellent sermons on the subject of faith; but he had never seen into it before, it seemed to him. His honest soul stood rebuked in the presence of his servant. Had he but recalled it, here was the old new story of the little captive maid who preached the virtues of the Jordan to her Syrian master.

Nor did Desire use the Bible alone for admonition. It was her one resource, her ever-ready friend in trouble, and she offered its help to those she loved as one child brings another to its own mother for aid or consolation.

She found poor Helen Styles in deep perplexity one day. Nothing went right with her; it was one of those days women have when their small world is all tangled, and they can only say: "Oh dear! what shall I do?"

It was to such an overheard exclamation that Dee offered her sole remedy.

"Bible says: 'Ask and it shall be given unto you.'"

And Helen remembered that, in the day's confusion, her husband's absence precluding family prayer, she had herself hastened downstairs without her own brief resort to God. He who bade us pray knew well how often prayer is its own answer, how the perplexed and storm-beaten soul, folding its wings for a moment in the higher regions of eternal sunshine, becomes tranquil and self-possessed, acquires a keener vision, a more dexterous poise of weapons, a loftier courage.

To rise beyond self, to have our eyes opened and see the arm of God on our side, is often as powerful an aid as a miracle would be; and Helen having rested and calmed her soul the day lighted up, the skein unravelled, and she achieved all that lay before her.

There are many people who regard prayer as a solemn act and ceremony only,—worship so uplifted that into its awful heights our daily woes and wants should never intrude; but these are they who do not accept the fatherhood of God. Dee knew Him better; no want assailed her simple soul that was not uttered in her prayers, and so she taught the children. It startled the Reverend Mr. Styles when one night, his wife being ill and Dee gone on a long errand, he must needs see his boys to bed and hear them say their prayers, to have Eddy begin this wise:

"Our Father up in Heaven, I am sorry I struck Jack Roe to-day. Please forgive me and help me to be good to-morrow. Please put it into Joe's head to give me half his marbles, and don't let Mr. Parker get vexed with me for nothing. Bless us all in this house and make everybody in the world good. Oh! and make mamma well, please. For Christ's sake. Amen."

Mr. Styles was almost shocked and almost awed. His boy never came to him in this way. Not so did he ever go to God except in some great straits of life, and these had been few with him. His prayers were formulas, followed with faithful exactness.

"Do you always ask God for everything you want, Eddy?" he inquired, as the child rose from his knees.

"Yes, papa. Dee says He takes pains about little sparrows, not to let them starve or get hurt; and I am bigger than a sparrow, you know, a lot. Besides, He's my Father and He has got time to 'tend to me. But you have to write sermons so much, papa."

There came back on Mr. Styles' mind sudden memories of the hours he had passed in his study—lounging, reading, sleeping, perhaps; while his children grew up almost as strangers to him, and were led to God by the hand of a stranger. Memories, too, of his own dry, faithless form of prayer; of the Fatherhood he had publicly preached, practically denied. A little child had led him, far beyond commentaries, to the Spirit that giveth life.

"Dee!" said Eddy one day the next summer, "ministers ain't ever naughty, are they?" His father knew well what aroused the question he had heard from that study window, where he had already learned so many lessons.

"Bible says Peter denied the Lord three times; but Peter was good, and he preached, too."

"I shouldn't think they would be naughty and cross."

"Guess they have to be sometimes, so's to know how to be patient with other folks, Eddy. Bible says: 'We have not a high priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are.' That was Jesus, you know. Bible says: 'He knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust.' Ministers are made just like other folks.

As one year and another went by, Desire still stayed at the minister's. She was not a skilled servant; she had a certain dulness of perception that prevented her learning the deft ways of a trained cook. She could not combine, or plan, or organize. She was at best a pair of neat, faithful hands, needing a quick head to direct them; but the Styles family would as soon have parted with one of themselves. If ever children were literally brought up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," these were, and Dee did it. That they grew up honest, unselfish, pure-minded, and therefore well-bred, was the result of her training and influence; for they were thrown upon her hands by the long illness of their mother and their father's preoccupation. And both father and mother owned their heavy debt to her with a real gratitude; owning also to God in their hearts how far they had been set in the ways they knew not, of nearness to Him, of daily godliness, of patient self-sacrifice, by this unconscious apostle.

But Dee was not always to be left to minister in the outer court.

Mr. Styles had left Coventry with renewed health and renewed energy, after a four years' stay, and accepted the charge of a parish in Compton, a large New England town.

His preaching had undergone a thorough change in character since his renewed spiritual experience. It avoided doctrines and dogmas to wrestle with the daily problems of life, the needs and sorrows of humanity, the Almighty Helper, the lost flock and the Divine Seeker and Saviour. Desire delighted in the newness of spirit, unsuspecting as a child of her own influence therein. She was happy in Compton, as in Coventry, for her home and her Bible went with her. But after a few years her strength seemed slowly to fail. That she could no longer work as usual pained her; but it was a far deeper distress that she could no longer go to church. A little cough tormented her; her appetite failed, she did not sing any more at her work. When Eddy asked her why, a vague, perplexed shadow stole over her eyes, and her voice was pathetic, as she replied, "Bible says: 'All the daughters of music shall be brought low.'"

She was always serene and helpful, rendering little services as long as any power remained in her feeble hands and slow-dragging feet; but before long her flesh failed indeed—she lost her strength so entirely that she could no longer keep up and about, but took to her bed in silence. This was hard for the once busy feet and active hands; but the patient soul received it with all calmness.

The minister came in daily to look at this household saint; and one day said to her, with that curious wish we all have to investigate the hearts of the dying or the ill, and forewarn ourselves of our own probable experience in the like state:

"It is very hard on you to lie still here, Desire, isn't it?"

She opened her soft, languid eyes on him with the old look of patient wonder.

"Bible says: 'Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?'"

And the minister, finding himself answered as was Job's objectionable wife, went away in silence, feeling that he had indeed spoken "as one of the foolish women speaketh."

By-and-bye Desire grew still weaker. She asked the doctor how long she was going to live. before he or any other had told her she was to die. Her faith was the true child-trust that lies down to sleep on a journey, not knowing where its waking may be, but sure that still its father's arms will be about it, confident that wherever he is is home.

Dr. Martin answered her as quietly as she asked. He was not a religious man, and Desire was an astonishment to him. Here was no philosopher, no stoic, no strong-souled man, but a weak woman, going to death without a dread or hesitation. He could not understand it, and to be convinced of ignorance is the first step toward the acceptance of wisdom. Desire had preached more efficiently to him than all the sermons of a lifetime

When she found her time was to be brief she wanted to kiss the children good-bye, and one by one they came to her. She lay on her little white bed a figure of smiling peace. A few late crimson roses stood on the table, a plate of oranges was within reach of her hand. She had grown thin almost to emaciation; but her face was refined into strange beauty, and her great gray eyes shone with a languid lustre as they fell upon her dear little flock. Eddy was a big boy now of sixteen, but he knelt down by Dee till his head was close to her own, and she kissed him as if he were still a child.

"You must have Dee's Bible, Eddy. Bible says: 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'"

She did not say "Remember me," but the boy never forgot her nor her Bible either. That was all Dee's legacy. After she had kissed the others and shared her oranges among them, and they had left her in a certain awed stillness, yet smiling back to her last lovely smile, Eddy and Joe stole back for one more look, and Joe, always the family inquisitor, must needs say:

"Dee, ain't you a bit afraid to die?"

Desire smiled wonderingly. "Afraid? No, Josy. Bible says: 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' Mine isn't." And her answer lived in those two hearts as long as she dwelt in memory.

Both the minister and his wife were with her when she fell asleep. She had her hand in Helen's, and, having said good-bye to them both, had closed her eyes and her faint, slow breath had almost gone, when suddenly those eyes opened. Their vagueness and langour were dispelled, and under the wan, white lids those lucent spheres overflowed with clear and living brightness, like two drops of dew that from the crystal depths return the level dazzle of a summer dawn.

"Altogether lovely!" broke in a rapturous whisper from her pale lips. Then the dawn was clouded forever. The gentle breath had ceased in one faint sob. Desire was gone home.

Many people thought it strange the next Sunday afternoon to find a coffin set before the pulpit, and the minister's family grouped about it as mourners. It was not adorned with plaited ornaments or stainless flowers, or open for curious eyes to inspect the chrysalis that its risen inmate had left behind; but on the simple pall lay wreaths of glittering oak leaves and bunches of wild sweet fern that sent a wholesome breath of perfume abroad through the church.

Mr. Styles preached from the well-worn text, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path;" but instead of recording the testimony of the ages to the authenticity of the Bible, or vindicating its verbal inspiration, or extolling its literary merits, he discoursed only of its common sense and its vast capacity to be a guide and a help in all the daily wants of human life and in the dark and lonely hour of death, and he wound up his sermon in these words:

"My brethren, the saint whose mortal relics lie before our eyes to-day was a living example of these truths. Simple, ignorant, poor and friendless, she came years ago into my house as a servant, and was, far more abundantly than any of us whom she there ministered to, a servant of the Lord. That I am to-day a Christian man, able to minister to other men with acceptance of God, I owe, under God, to her unconscious influence. Her single talent was used daily and hourly, and the increase was twenty-fold. She lived with the Bible in her heart and on her lips; she taught it to me and mine as a living truth to live by, and she died to us with its speech for her latest accents.

"She has entered into her reward and rest, and left here a fragrant and gracious memory that few of earth's shining ones have ever given to their survivors. 'Bible says' was her rule, her comfort, her strength; and her obedience, her cheer, her faithful labour, interpreted to all who knew her what that Bible could be when received with a child's simplicity and faith.

"There are some of you here, dearly beloved, who think you owe your entrance into the new life to the help of my ministrations. I want to say to you now, in presence of the dead, who cannot shrink from the praise she would not have understood while living, that whatever good you gather from my utterances as a preacher I achieved long before you knew me, and received slowly and ungraciously, as a rock receives the sun and rain, which at last disintegrates and makes it fruitful, from the hourly and unconscious ministry of Desire Flint, whose body lies before you, to whose burial as her kindred in the Lord I invite you, and to whose life I recommend you as to the 'living epistle' which has preached the eternal Gospel of Christ better than my own lips or my own living. Having been utterly faithful over a few things, she has ceased to be a stranger and gone home."

THREE SONNETS.*

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE TWO SAYINGS.

Two sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat
Like pulses in the Church's brow and breast;
And by them, we find rest in our unrest,
And heart-deep in salt tears, do yet entreat
God's fellowship, as if on heavenly seat.
The first is Jesus wept,—whereon is prest
Full many a sobbing face that drops its best
And sweetest waters on the record sweet.
And one is, where the Christ, denied and scorned,
Looked upon Peter. Oh, to render plain,
By help of having loved a little and mourned,
That look of sovran love and sovran pain
Which He, who could not sin yet suffered, turned
On him who could reject but not sustain.

THE LOOK.

The Saviour looked on Peter. Ay, no word,
No gesture of reproach. The heavens serene,
Though heavy with armed justice, did not lean
Their thunders that way. The forsaken Lord
Looked only, on the traitor. None record
What that look was, none guess; for those who have seen
Wronged lovers loving through a death-pang keen,
Or pale-cheeked martyrs smiling on a sword,
Have missed Jehovah at the judgment-call.
And Peter, from the height of blasphemy—
"I never knew this man"—did quail and fall,
As knowing straight that God, and turnèd free
And went out speechless from the face of all,
And filled the silence, weeping bitterly.

THE MEANING OF THE LOOK.

I think that look of Christ might seem to say—
"Thou Peter! art thou then a common stone
Which I at last must break my heart upon,
For all God's charge to His high angels may
Guard my foot better? Did I yesterday
Wash thy feet, My beloved, that they should run
Quick to deny Me 'neath the morning sun?
And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray?
The cock crows coldly,—go, and manifest
A late contrition, but no bootless fear;
For when thy final need is dreariest,
Thou shalt not be denied, as I am here—
My voice, to God and angels, shall attest,
Because I know this man, let him be clear."

* These, we think, are three of the noblest sonnets in the English language. —Ed.

SPINDLES AND OARS.

BY ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE MINISTER'S LEDDY.

In the far corner of the abbey yard there is a place where the wall is overgrown with green, in the which at the spring you may often find maybe one nest, maybe mair. The wall is rarely old and crumbled, as may be seen where the green is cut away round a stane that the minister had a great fancy for. It is carvit quaint-like wi' sincan uncanny things as skulls and crass-banes that are moulderin' awa' and fallin' to pieces. But Time hasna set his finger on the words that rin on the tap o' the stane: "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord."

The letters at the fit o' the stane hae crumbled awa', and but ane word o' the text is left—*Heaven*. Mr. Grahame was used to say he saw a meaning in the chance; for the salvation for which the dead wait they will best find in heaven.

It is beneath this stane that the minister is buried; and you can tell where he lies by the flowers that are aye on his grave.

There is naething else to mark the spat; but it is never forgotten by ony member o' the kirk; and still on a Sabbath eve—though years and years have gone since first he was laid there—mony will stroll into the abbey yard and stand by his grave, and speak of his beautiful life, and the strange way of his death in the totum kirkie.

And the bairns still weave their croons o' gowans and berries to put on the minister's grave, as their forbears did before them.

Mr. Grahame had been laid to his rest but three months when Miss Isobel left Skyrle, and went to stay in the south with an auld leddy that had sent for her whenever she heard that her father was dead. I doot it was an awfu'-like place for a young lassie, the leddy being ane o' thae spinster creatures that are like to the dry apples at the grocer's, wi' all the juice pressed oot o' them. By all accounts she was just a piece o' leather: nae guid but to lash folk into rebellion, yet the lassie agreed weel with her.

The maist of her time was passed in washing and tending a fat doggie who was too fat to wait on himsel', but no too fat to quarrel wi' Skye. And this minded Miss Isobel o' fowk that never grow too frail to be spiteful. For the doggie was the picture of his mistress in mony ways.

But, however, the lassie made the best of her life, writing to Skyrle gey cheerful letters and having her laugh whiles at the doggie and whiles at the auld leddy, whose kindness was like the fruit grown in foreign parts that aye has a thorn set inside it.

But although she laughed, Miss Isobel grat often at the pathos o' the puir, barren life.

And she kenned the story efterward; how her father had been

to merry wi' the auld leddy in days gone by; how she had keppit single for his sake; and at his deith had sent to make a hame for the bairn o' the woman that had pairted her fra her luver.

And that was surely noble of her; and it is a proof of the kindliness living in mony a heart that seems to be withered and sour on the ootside.

I'm no to say Miss Isobel took weel wi' the life. It was a sair thing to be parted fra her father's grave, and the sea and the cliffs and the abbey and the common; and in ilka letter she wrote, she mentioned her wish to return, and telled how she wearied for her freends at Skyrle. But gin she wearied for them, it wasna mair than they did for her; and at the diets of worship the manse pew would bring tears to the een o' mony. It was a sair thing to want her bonny face; but it was a waefu' thing to see nae less than nine towsie heids crammit ilka Sabbath intae the manse pew. And Kirsty said it was a judgment on Widdy Rafe, who hadna done justice to Miss Isobel, that the manse carpets were overrun with bairns; and that the kirk was aye being called on for now a new cot and now a new cradle to accommodate them as they cam. Kirsty had a deal to say aboot it; and ilka Sabbath the talk ootside the kirk was no' o' the minister's sermon, but o' the minister's bairns, and the marvel it was that siccan a godly man should be sae sairly chastened in his family.

And it was edifying to see the members wagging their heads, and seeking oot the uses of adversity that didna touch them. William Rafe couldna thole the manse withoot Miss Isobel; but, being steward, he did his duty, and went aboot it. And presently he was extraordinar' agreeable to the minister's leddy, for she telled him that noo and again she had a letter fra Miss Grahame. It was efter that that Widdy Rafe had occasion to murmur at William for the new furnishings he pit intae the manse.

But the laddie gave her leave to murmur while he sat by the manse hearth, and let the bairns work their will with him sae lang as their mither would talk o' Miss Isobel.

And mair than once the bairns fell sick through eating o' the Skyrle rock he gave them to quieten them while their mither crackit.

She was a thin, eager woman, whose nose went before the rest of her face; and she wasna ower weel likit efter Miss Isobel—especially as she took ill wi' the manse, and was aye complaining o' the things that werena intil't.

Geordie Mackay had it to say that she aye had a letter fra Miss Isobel when there was anything needed for the hoose. But Geordie was ane that had questioned human nature sae lang that he couldna see it wi'oot a crook in it. However, the remark struck baith at the leddy and at William, for by this time a' kenned his liking for Miss Isobel, and blamed him for being ruled by his mither, and for no askin' the lassie in merriage.

In particular, Kirsty gave him some plain words that made William fleig of having muckle tae dae wi' women-fowk; and

made him mair content to bide a bachelor than he had been syne he gave his word to his mither.

Sae the time went on to twa years; and ane nicht William went ben the manse and fand the minister's leddy sairly pit aboot. She had been at the Free Kirk manse, and the new ways there had made her discontent wi' what had served twa or mair generations o' ministers at the totum kirkie.

"Oh, Mr. Rafe," said she, "I wanted to see you. I have a message for you from Miss Grahame. Her letter contains remarkable intelligence."

She had been so used to putting copies in the bairns' writing books that she had gotten fine way of framing her talk.

"Have you, indeed?" said William, striving to seem at his ease; and he sat down vera sudden on the cat, who punished him weel till he thocht to rise and release her.

When the puss had ceased spitting, and William's face was growing cooler, the leddy began: "My husband and I have come to the conclusion, though I am not certain that we coincide——"

She stappit and looked at him vague-like.

"Ou ay," said William, shifting ane fit ower the ither and back again, so as to look comfortable, though he felt far from it.

"We were thinking you ought to be made acquainted——"

"With Miss Isobel's affairs?" William interrupted.

"No, oh dear no! Though you will doubtless be interested to hear that she——"

She paused a whilie. William's heart was in his een, and he daredna gaze at aught but the magenta roses on the carpet. (Bonnie were they, and had cost a sicht o' siller in their time.) However, the minister's leddy was sae lang o' speaking that he was obleeged to raise his face fra the floor.

"You were saying that she——" said he.

"No; the observation I wished to make was this——"

"Yes?" said William, when she halted again; and he stroked his moustache as gin he was nane sae eager.

"I think I hear baby crying. You must excuse me," said she. And she rose and went fra the room, remaining oot sae lang that William was like to eat his fingers wi' impatience for her return. He was sae wishful to hear the news aboot the lassie that he made ready a half-dozen questions to put to the minister's leddy.

Yet when she came back, he sat there like a gowk while she talked of her needs. And he promised curtains for the *door*—did any sensible body ever hear the like?—and wee cuppies that couldna quench the thirst, though you drank all day, and siccan extravagances not known in Wesley's time, while he bided to hear the news she had gotten o' Miss Isobel.

And when he had rin the kirk into an awfu' responsibility to meet the expense, the leddy took a sleepy turn and yawned mair than once.

There was nae langer an excuse for him to wait, and he rose, twisting his hat roond aboot on his hands that were damp wi' nervousness.

"You were mentioning Miss Isobel," said he, his face matching the roses on the carpet.

"Was I?" said she, sleepy-like. "Oh, yes. But it is a long story. I must tell it you some other time. Good-night, Mr. Rafe. I will order the things to-morrow. Let me see—carpets, curtains, cups, candelabra. I think that was all. Good-night, good-night."

She bowed him out with English politeness, and when William came to himself he was standing outside the manse in the dark.

CHAPTER XVIII.—FIRST-FOOTING.

William needna hae paid sae dearly for the news o' Miss Isobel that he didna get; for the morn's morn Kirsty made an errand to the mill, and broached the maitter to him wi' a wonderfu' rinning roond aboot the subject.

But that day he didna quarrel wi' her tongue; for when the talk was sifted he had gotten a few grains o' information that made a happy man o' him.

And though he said nothing, delighted he was to hear that Miss Isobel was winning back to Skyrle. The auld leddie was deid, and had willed to the lassie the fat doggie and eneuch siller to mak' a woman of her to the finish of her days.

"Ou ay," Kirsty concluded; "when the Scripture was read on Sabbath that the Psalmist had never seen the seed o' the righteous beggin' bread, I had the thocht, 'Weel, Dawvid, gin you had been langer in the world likely you wadna hae been sae hasty in gi'en your opeenions.' Miss Isobel wis i' my mind at the time, puir lambie: and I wis wae tae see her eatin' the bread o' strangers. But noo the Lord has providit. An' glad I am she has nae call tae beg or pray of you or ony ither lad tae mak' a hame tae her!"

Kirsty tossed her heid, but William answerit vera saft and engaging.

"Ay, Kirsty. But, silver or not, Miss Isobel would ne'er have wanted a friend so long as you were a living woman."

"That wad she no'!" said Kirsty, greatly mollified. And she sat her doon again and telled William that a wee hoosie nigh the abbey had been sold by roup; and it was rumoured that Miss Grahame had bought it.

And some awful grand furniture had come by the rail, and was sitting in the station yaird wi' her name on't.

"And she'll no be lang ere she's intae the hoose," said Kirsty; "for Groves has putten a stovie intae ilka chamber; and there's five hundred o' coal i' the cellar, wi' ither preparations for warming her through the winter. And there's shutters tae a' the windies, an' the doors newly painted wi' greens that are eneuch to gie the lassie a sair head. I doot she'll be in by the New Year, William."

"And do you think so?" he askit. "It's at New Year I'll be

speaking to David to place his eldest lad in the mill. He'll be worth a few shillings the week to me."

"That will he," said Kirsty, highly flattered. "And it's greatly pleased his father will be tae hae word o't. I'm obleeged tae you, William. And I'm no so sure but Miss Isobel micht dae waur than tae tak' you."

"No, no, Kirsty," said William, "Miss Isobel is a rich lady now. She will look higher than at a Skyrle lad."

"Toots!" said Kirsty, "the lassie will look nae higher than her heart. But sae lang as a laddie is content tae be putten i' his mither's poke, he needna be hopin' for a wife, William."

She gave the lad a thraw of her ee that made him no' mind o' bein' mester o' the mill, but brocht hame tae him his subjection tae his mither's whims and fancies.

But yet he raised his heid like a man.

"Kirsty," said he—and there was a patient, noble look on him then—"Kirsty, a lad might do worse than to honour his mother."

The which answer made Kirsty dumb, for she hadna credited William with spirit for it.

"And Miss Isobel? Is she to want a lad the while you bend to an auld wife's cranks?" she said very severe. His reply had rebuked her, and she wasna likin' for him tae see it.

"She'll not want a lad longer than it's God's will." His face turned white the while he said it, and Kirsty fell tae greeting. But he stappit her with a question.

"And is it true that Geordie Mackay is courting Barrie Allister?"

In anither minute Kirsty was playing in that key. She wipit her een wi' her apron and telled him the haill story. How Barrie was awa' tae the schule tae be made a leddy of, and how Geordie was cutting his sweetheart to a paittron o' his ain.

"But bide a wee," Kirsty concluded. "A lassie unwed is her ain mistress. When she's wedded she's her man's."

And for long after she won awa' William pondered deeply on a woman's dislike o' subjection to the higher pooers.

But after that, there was never a day passed that he didna mek' an errand by the wee housie nigh the abbey.

He was too blate tae gaze at it; but for a' that he saw it growing snod and making ready for her presence; as you will see in the springtime the trees bursting into leaf ere the coming o' the blossoms. But Miss Isobel didna set fit i' Skyrle, and it came on tae the last nicht o' the year and none had seen her.

The groond was locked in ice; and on the minister's grave i' the abbey yaird the frost had laid a white wreath beside the holly crown that William Rafe had putten there on Christmas Day. For he minded how Miss Isobel had been used to pit on that day a wreath o' berries roond her father's picture in the manse. William's heart had been sair when he stood beside the grave; but looking up he had had a sicht of the auld stane, and the words, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord," had heartened him.

Love was giving him faith, and he read the lesson o' the stane.

The skull and the banes, the emblems of oor mortality, were crumbling awa'; but there remained untouched God's salvation and Heaven. Ay, he could wait till his way was opened oot before him; for though the temporal passed, the eternal was his, and nane could tak' it awa' fra him.

The air was heavy and threatened a storm; and the licht from the lattice windies o' the totum kirkie lay red on newly fallen snow at midnight of the last day in the year.

It was the time o' the watchnight service; and the fowk were gathered i' the kirk to mak' a prayer o' the year that was gane, and to see a promise in the year that was to come.

From the High Street cam the soond o' the lads' voices. They were waiting round aboot the auld kirk for the bell to clang oot the hooer o' midnight. But inside the wee kirkie a' was still; an' the solemnity o' last moments sat on ilka face.

The organ was playing ower the first hymn, when on a sudden William Rafe lost his place and gave a bar three times over, to the great scandal of his mither. But all else excused him the minute efterward. The manse pew had been empty, the nine bairns being bedded, and their mither too sleepy to attend the watchnight; but in the playing of the verse Miss Isobel had walked intae her auld seat in the pew, and was kneeling there wi' bent heid and the snowflakes white on her hair.

The hymn went very softly after that; for the congregation kenned withoot ony words that the lassie was greeting for the father who had stood in the pulpit at the last watchnight service she had attended i' Skyrle.

When the kirk was oot, ilka body waited i' the porch tae give guid wishes for the year that was come, and to welcome Miss Isobel back. Widdy Rafe stood a bittie apart, not very hearty with the folk, till William cam' oot, when she wished him a guid New Year. But the lad gave her a reply she didna expect. "Mother, you have the power to make it the best year of my life."

She stared at him, no' crediting what she heard.

"Hoity toity!" said she. "And theer's sma' hopes for the year gin you begin't i' this fashion." Then she showed her anger by takkin' a haud o' Elspeth Mackay's airm and starting for hame wi'oot him.

William gazed after her a whilie and a great sadness was in his ee when he turned him to speak to Miss Isobel.

But she soon had him smiling and content when she telled him how happy she was to be back again in Skyrle.

The causeway was slippery wi' the snow, and William went so far as to offer her his airm, and beg permission to see her to her hame.

Miss Isobel lingered as they passed the manse gate, and keeked in to see the gairden lapped aboot wi' snow, and the trees lifting bare arms i' the munelicht, wi' the ruined nests like white blossoms on the bareness o' the branches. Then she pit her hand on William's airm, and they walked together past the auld kirk that had lookit on mony generations o' lads and lassies

gathered under its steeple—that had clanged its message o' time's flight to mony generations o' sleepers i' the abbey yard.

It was close upon one o'clock; but the High Street was full o' fowk, shouting and making merry with whiskey; and William could scarce hear Miss Isobel telling him she had been but a few hours in Skyrle; and Kirsty was gaen to live with her till her ain maid cam' with the doggies the next week.

The walk was too short for him; and when they cam' to the wee housie, she gave him the key and bade him ope the door, and bring guid luck to her hame.

William kenned weel that in Skyrle the first fit that enters a house at the New Year should tak' a gift wi' it. But what wi' his bashfulness and his happy heart, he had nae mind o' the custom, and was ben the hoose ere he thocht on't.

Then he twisted him roond in haste.

"Lassie, I'm no' like to bring you guid luck, for I hae come withoot a gift; and the ane thing I wad fain offer you is——"

And what mair he would have said I canna tell, for at that very minute Kirsty hasted in, all in a bustle, to "first-fit" Miss Isobel. She had brocht wi' her a red herring, awful bonnie, wi' a green riband at its heid and a pink ane at its tail.

Miss Isobel was like to roar and lauch when she had a sicht of it; but she steadied her face the while she praised it greatly. And weel she micht, for a' in Skyrle ken that a red herrin' at the New Year will bring guid luck to ony hoose.

CHAPTER XIX.—WIDDY RAFE.

It was in vain that Kirsty McNaughten schemed to get the news that a merriage was fixed between Miss Isobel and William Rafe.

The New Year was weel in, and "the spring cam slowly up the way"; and the flowers on the cliff-sides were all a-blossom. The rooks built their nests in the manse elms; and the jackdaws were busy amang the chumleys and in the abbey, and still there was no talk of betrothal.

The only guid luck the herring seemed to have brought Miss Isobel wasna the luck Kirsty had hoped for, but a better thing—

> "A heart at leisure from itself
> To soothe and sympathize."

It was wonderfu' to see the winsome ways o' the lassie as she went in and oot amang the kirk members, the freend of all, as weel as the servant of all, spending her life, as it seemed, in makkin' ithers happy.

The years she had been i' the south had seen a change on her; and the blithe lassie was deepening down intae a thoughtful woman. But although she was steadier-like, her een were aye glinting; and she couldna keep the sunshine fra her hair that

was tossed and tumbled as it had been when she came first to Skyrle a young lassie.

She had learned to walk douce-like alang the streets; but her fit went as gin they keppit time to some music that none heard beside hersel'; and aye she had the look of the day when she came dancing doon atween the birks in Fyston Den, wi' the flooers in her hair and a sang on her lips.

It was pretty to see her in the abbey cracking wi' the auld men; or walking by the shore wi' half a dozen bairns hangin' to her skirts; or in the poor's house singing to the auld wifies there. And wherever she went the clouds seemed to lichten and the day to break. She had weel settled in the wee hoosie nigh the abbey; and she had for company a spinster body, the parrot, the doggie Skye, and the fat doggie that had been willed to her.

But she wasna content wi' a' these, and the hoose was aye full o' fowk.

They were awful queer bodies that she drew aboot her; for whenever she heard tell of ony auld wife that was mair than ordinar' arkward, or that was ailing, or poor, or lanesome, she would have her to the hoose and keep her a week or twa beside her to hearten the puir creature.

And it was the same wi' the childer; and mony a bairn has started on a happier life fra the door o' Miss Isobel's hame.

Eh, deary! What a name she got i' the toon, and what a sicht o' guid she did wi' the auld leddy's siller!

There were some that thocht the lassie almaist perfect; but she was no that, for she had a fine temper o' her ain, as was seen by the way she battened the lug o' a fisher-lad that she caught ill-using the fat doggie.

And I mind of her shaming a half-dozen men that were making sport o' a drunken woman till there was nane o' them that wad look her i' the face efterward. Ay, she had a temper, but yet Kirsty had it to say it was a terrible weakness in Miss Isobel that she didna resent William's silence, but bore herself cheerful and brave before him.

Gin she had had a proper spirit in her she wad surely have grat till she brocht him to the point o' offering merriage.

But Kirsty daredna say this before the lassie, who wouldna allow a word o' William in her presence.

By this time the haill kirk kenned that the twa were meant the ane for the ither, and there was a great controversy as to William's behaviour. He couldna dae eneuch for the lassie, yet he made no haste to be affianced, and Miss Isobel treated him wi' the same frankness she had gien him at the first. It was a weary business for the kirk waiting for William to propose merriage; but it led the talk fra the overfu' manse, and maybe did guid i' that way.

And through it all Widdy Rafe set her mouth and wouldna open it on the subject; though Kirsty wasted a long hooer learning a new knitting-paittron fra the widdy in order to surprise her into gien her views on William's merriage.

She was getting on in years, was the widdy; but gin she felt her physical pooers gain' fra her she held a' the mair to those that were left. She had aye had her way i' life, and she wad have it to the end; and as her body grew frailer her will waxed stronger, until a' the softness and tenderness o' a mither went fra her.

I doot, seeing the fine lassie Miss Isobel had grown—and maybe thinking o' the siller she had gotten—her mind misgave her that she hadna dune richt in crossing William's love; but yet she was too prood to yield her will to mak him happy. And if ever his dour face pled for him, she smote him wi' her sarcasm. And she would call to mind the lassie's free ways, and the bawbees she spent on flowers tae sick bodies that couldna see nor feel them, wi' siccan extravagances; and would harden her heart, saying she wasna the wife for William.

And so the weeks slipped by, and a great sickness visited Skyrle.

It began first i' the mills, and then it spreid tae the schules, and soon there was scarce a hoose where ane wasna lying sick or deid. Meeting the fowk i' the streets, you wad a thocht, fra the white faces and the black goons, that Skyrle was a toon o' the deid that summer. The doctors had their hands fu', and oor doctor in particular was among the sick nicht and day. It was to him Miss Isobel went, begging that she micht help wi' his patients.

And she took the sick intae her hoose, and mony a bairn she nursed back to health.

But this didna content her; and wherever there was a case needing special care she would offer hersel', till at the last the doctors counted her as one o' themsel's, and wad pit her i' chairge o' the worst o' the patients. I blame the doctors for this, for it wasna likely a lassie could bear up like strang men. But, however, she keppit up with the best o' them till the sickness had well-nigh left the toon.

Her face had been almaist the only cheery face to be seen on the streets that time; but towards August she grew whiter and whiter, and at last was forced to give up.

The sickness had taken her, and she lay nigh to deith in the hoose whaur she had rescued sae mony fra the disease.

On the Sabbath efter she was laid doon, a great sadness was ower the toon; but especially in the hearts o' the kirk members, who best kenned and maist loved her. William Rafe, wi' some o' the choir, went tae sing for her after the kirk was oot, but she couldna notice them, and he went hame wi' his heart bursting wi' the distress he couldna tell to onybody.

His mither heard him climb the stair and gae tae his room i' the attic, but she didna cry him in to her.

Her heart was sair inside her, and she was fetching a great battle wi' love and pride and jealousy.

She couldna thole to see the trouble o' her lad, and to ken that she had no pairt for his comfort; and it irked her to see that William didna turn to her for sympathy.

Besides, her conscience was no' easy, for it telled her that deep

doon in her heart, syne ever Miss Isobel had sickened, had been the wish that she wad dee and end the discord between hersel' and her son. She hadna dared pray i' the kirk wi' the members uniting for the lassie's life; but had been feart because her ill wish had been granted her.

And as she thocht on't the noo, she would hae gien up her poseetion and her hoose if only that might gar the lassie recover.

She sat vera straucht in her chair—a noble-looking auld body, wi' her fine strang face and her white mutch, and black silk gown wi' the white kerchief crossed on her bosom. Ay, a noble-like auld leddy she seemed; but in a' Skyrle that nicht there wasna a mair miserable woman than Widdy Rafe.

She had saucht her ain will, and she had gotten it; but a' the sweetness had been ta'en fra it. The lassie was like tae dee, and her son wad be her son a' his life.

She had willed tae keep him hers; but she kenned that she had lost him, and mair than if he had merried wi' the lassie.

There's naething kills love sooner than strife. The widdy had striven for her ain way till she had been like tae hate the son she had wranged. And although William showed his mither a son's respect, he couldna but feel that she had thwarted his life to no guid end.

Syne the New Year, when he had first-footed Miss Isobel, he had prayed his mither tae give her consent tae the merriage; but he could easier move the Table Rock than the auld leddy; and he had been forced to bide wi'oot speaking to the lassie. And the silence she had made him keep tae the lassie had closed his mouth tae her that was his mither.

She had let loose an ill bird, and it had cam hame to roost on her ain heid.

By-and-bye her face waked up fra its thochts, and she set hersel' tae listen tae a strange soond i' the hoose.

Ay, surely it cam' fra the attic-room.

The widdy rose trembling fra her chair; but her limbs were fine and steady when she passed tae her son's room.

She lifted the sneck, and wad hae gane ben tae him but for the sicht she saw.

William was set by the table wi' his face on his hands, and a' the cry that went fra him was, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord. O Lord, I have waited for thy salvation."

He didna move tae speak to his mither; likely he didna hear her; but it cut to her heart that he shouldna notice her.

Her auld face was all of a quiver, and she moved back and saftly went doon the stairs and ben her chamber.

The struggle o' a soul wi' itself before its God isna a sicht for human ee tae gaze on. Widdy Rafe had never been sae strang a woman as in that hooer that she spent i' battle against hersel'; but I canna lift the veil fra that struggle.

When it was ower, she reached doon her bonnet and her shawl, and pit on her gloves; and wi' never a word to William she went fra the hoose i' the gloaming o' the Sabbath.

It was drawing on to the nicht, and as she walkit through the streets the shadows were a' roond her, hiding her fra the fowk that wad hae marvelled at her white face and strang, determined manner.

So she cam tae the wee hoosie nigh the abbey, and fand the door stookit, and went in wi' ne'er a creature tae stap her.

The doggie Skye cam' forward wi' his ears and tail hinging, and went before her up to the chamber where Miss Isobel was lying.

Kirsty and Elspeth Mackay and Jean Wishart were i' the room; and Jean lookit up and motioned silence, but nane spak tae the widdy. Wi' steady fit she steppit tae the lassie's side and bowed to reach her hand.

Then Kirsty rose and touched the widow saftly.

"Na, na, dinna fash her," she said. "She's i' the vera airticle o' deith, puir lambie. She hasna spoken for hooers. She's wearin' awa' as peacefu' as a bairn. You maun lat her gae i' peace."

Widdy Rafe turned roond and set Kirsty aside; then she drew hersel' up very straucht, and spak as gin she addressed the lassie lying before her.

"Lassie," said she, "I hae dune you a great wrang, and wad fain hae your pardon. It's maybe too late for that the noo; but I wad say i' the sicht o' a' present that I'm no meet to be a kirk member.

"I hae been prood an' wilfu'—I hae regarded enmity i' my heart, an' I hae cherished ill thochts tae the innocent lamb that did me nae wrang. I hae stood i' the way o' her happiness, an' I hae come between her an' my lad. I hae e'en wushed for her deith; and for a' these things I wad humble mysel', and may the A'michty forgive. Amen."

The words were sae unexpectit, and it was siccan an awfu' sicht tae see the prood auld body brocht low, that Elspeth and Jean turned awa'. But Kirsty pit her apron ower her heid and grat alood. I' the moment that followed after, it was like a voice fra the deid tae hear Miss Isobel cry wi' a frail an' tremblin' speech:

"Is that Mrs. Rafe? I want her to kiss me. And I send my love to William."

Even now the widdy canna tell how her limbs bore her hame. But, however, she was all of a tremble when she stood beside William again, and her puir auld hands tottered sairly when she laid them on his head.

"Laddie," she said, "I bring you great news. The lassie is tae live. She bade me give you her luve. An', William, you maun gae tae her, an' tak your mither's luve tae her dochter."

. . . . . .

It is no' the fashion i' Skyrle tae mak' muckle o' Christmas time; but on Christmas Eve that year the totum kirkie was lichted late while the members made it bonnie wi' flooers tae please her who had aye gathered the flooers aboot her. I'm no

sayin' the decorations were sae grand as at the English chapel up the hill; but sure I am that the braw posies there didna mean mair than ilka leaf and ilka berry that was putten for Miss Isobel's merriage.

It was a braw kirk when a' was finished, and Dawvid had gotten the place sweppit and ready for the merriage that was to be early the Christmas morn.

The stained glass windy was framed wi' Christmas roses; and aboon the pulpit Geordie Mackay had hingit a laurel wreath.

"Maybe the lassie's thochts will turn to her father's death i' the pulpit," said he, "an' the croon will lead her higher tae his victory."

And a bonnie sicht it was when Miss Isobel—looking like a white rose after her illness—came up the aisle and stood before the minister where she and Jean had stood to have Nancy Mulholland's bairn namit; and William took his place beside her, too prood and happy to be blate at his position.

Geordie Mackay was best man, and Kirsty wad pit hersel' beside Miss Isobel, though the maist o' the lassie's grand freends were there to see her wedded.

A' things were dune i' the English fashion, which makes a sair discipline o' being wedded; and there were mony there that pitied William Rafe for the catechism he went through that day.

But when the minister lookit up from his book, saying: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" there was silence a while i' the kirk, for none hed counted on the question being askit.

It was like to hae made an awkward thing o' the merriage: but i' the silence Widdy Rafe took a step forward and lifted her heid in her auld manner:

"I dae that," said she.

THE END.

THE CITY OF DAY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

PEERLESS in purity, matchless in splendour
Gleams the fair city by prophets foretold;—
Her walls are of jasper bedight with rich jewels,
Her broad, shining streets are of unalloyed gold.

Radiantly beautiful,—morning eternal
Beams from the brow of this city of day;
Crowned with the light and apparelled in brightness—
Stands she like bride decked in bridal array.

Pearls are her gates, of a whiteness unequalled;—
Stainless the spirits that pass them must be.
Lord of the city, Thou Saviour of sinners,
Cleanse Thou our souls: we would enter with Thee.

TORONTO.

MAGNIFICENCE AND MISERY.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

In Marylebone Road, London, and but a short distance from Regent's Park, stands a costly and imposing structure with some half-dozen domes and many spacious windows, known as Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. The story of this great collection of relics and world-wide celebrities reaches back some hundred years, and is full of interest to all who would see something of life's exciting drama passing before him, with its sunshine and shadow, its glory and disgrace.

The ranks of distinguished figures which fill this splendid palace of art, are seen to best advantage at night, when a perfect flood of light fills the building from end to end, and when the unceasing throngs of spectators crowd the galleries and rooms, giving movement and attraction to the brilliant scenes which spread out before you.

If the history of a nation is half read in the history of its arts, then we may hope to glean something of permanent value from one of the most remarkable temples of storied treasure in the world of to-day. Greece, Rome, Egypt, with their sculptured tombs, pillars, statues, and old-time inscriptions, have by these relics opened a path of insight into the civilization of those far-off years; so in this pantheon in England's proud capital, with all its artistic and historical aspects, we have unrolled before us a concrete picture of modern times, a biographical manual which all may read, a great international calendar of saints and sinners, who, though dead, have left memorials which still command the praise or blame of all the good and true.

A visit to this famous Exhibition may become one of the most memorable experiences of a lifetime, if the visitor will only get into the swim of influences which quietly steals through all those magnificent galleries and halls. Here human life in its highest and lowest manifestations people the vision of the spectator, and the principles which have inspired those lives and given them character and destiny appear to march before us and in eloquent speech tell out their power for good or ill. Life-like, a procession of kings, queens, statesmen, poets, reformers, heroes, divines, painters, explorers, historians, generals, musicians, dramatists and criminals, in silence pass before the thousands of pilgrims to this shrine of interest and art. Here we have shadows of vanished personalities; echoes of voices long since stilled in death, and thrilling stories of life's fierce battles, keep sounding in our ears in this huge whispering-gallery of the past. Perpetual lessons in impressive form are hung before our eyes; lessons, tragic and beneficent, of highest heroism and deepest shame, of earth's uncertain pleasures and the lasting fame of all that is honourable, pure and good.

Perhaps no place in this broad sanctuary, where human character finds its world-wide representatives, is more thoroughly or frequently inspected than the rooms devoted to the relics and memorials of the great Napoleon. The most apathetic soul cannot but rouse itself as it views the thrilling, historic recollections which fill those spacious rooms. The man whose tread shook empires to their foundations here seems to live again, in the days of his colossal imperialism and power, and also when as a banished captive he pines away amid the desolate solitudes of his lonely isle of St. Helena.

Here is the military carriage of the once proud emperor, in which he made the campaign to Russia, and which was captured on the evening of the battle of Waterloo. There is the atlas on which are plans of many battles, drawn by the hand of this great, grim warrior. Here are the coronation robes of Napoleon and the Empress Josephine, the sword used by Napoleon when in Egypt, the camp-bedstead and also the counterpane on which the illustrious exile breathed his last. What stirring pages of magnificence and misery do those Napoleonic chambers recite from year to year! The crash and boom and wildest shouts of battle have died away, and the memory of the man to whom a hundred thousand human lives were as naught, has been placed in the pillory of universal condemnation of everlasting infamy and disgrace.

Then one more change of feeling comes to us as we visit another section of this large building, known as the Chamber of Horrors. Amid the sombre light, and in rooms adapted for their gloomy mission, with saddened hearts we move along through the doleful memorials which crowd upon us at every step. What melancholy chronicles does this dreadful spot record! Surely with all this ghastly story of crime, we have for once a glimpse of humanity at its worst; the abyss, dark and fathomless, of mortal degradation possible in this world opens for a few moments before us, and from this earthly perdition we shrink back with deepening horror. Through a door we pass, and the brilliant illumination of splendid rooms brings with it a sweet sense of relief we are once more glad to share.

Summing up our reflections we may say, what echoes of heroic deeds, of princely, unselfish effort, of tragedy, victory, glory, pain and defeat greet us in this great cathedral of art! What recollections of earthly magnificence, of proud ambitions, of imperial power, of moral might, of human degradation and pathetic ruin surround us at every turn! In one brief hour it seems that centuries have placed their spoils before us, and that history, gathering up its events of world-embracing influence, pours its elaborate romance into the listening ear, and sends us out to life again under the touch of vanished hands and with solemn lessons from voices now forever still.

Sackville, N.B.

CHRISTIAN SATISFACTION.

To satisfy us with goodness requires more than the ideal, and more than the vision. How, then, shall I be satisfied? There is but one answer: I shall be satisfied, when I awake with His likeness. Then shall my dreams and desires be filled and fulfilled when that vision of goodness is but the life that I live. That is thy satisfaction, my soul. Speak it to thyself, until thou canst take in something of its unspeakable glory. That, and nothing less than that, is to be thy satisfaction—to be like Him. This completes and crowns the purpose of His grace. For this great work the Holy Ghost is given—that we may "be strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man," that Christ may "dwell in our hearts"—reigning there, controlling us, teaching and enlightening us, that we may have the mind that was also in Him. And this is not a faint and far-off possibility, but as the good which lies in all the common things of every day, and all along the common by-ways of our life, in the house, in the business, everywhere—"all things work together for good to them that love God"—for this good, the soul's uttermost satisfaction—that we be conformed to the image of His Son.

Let us try to bring the glorious truth within the compass of our desire and expectation. For this, my soul, thou art forgiven; for this thou art healed; for this thou art redeemed; for this God hath "crowned thee with loving kindness and tender mercies"—that He may satisfy thee with goodness. Ask thyself, and seek earnestly to get some answer to the question. How can I ever come to have this satisfaction as my own—I, foul, sinful, careless as I am—scarcely with any longings after goodness, and then so lightly turned aside, eager for a thousand trifles empty as the air? Can blessedness like this be mine?

Think, then, if there should come to thee one who knows thee through and through—all the past, every secret thought and wish standing out in hideous nakedness before Him, and who yet loves thee, loves thee through and through, loves thee with a love that endured all shame and suffering for thy sake; surely such true love were earth's best treasure. Think, if He should be able to loose thee from that past, if knowing all thy frailty and folly He yet could help thee, and help thee perfectly. If amidst thy low and selfish thoughts He could bring His truth, so that it should reign within thee more and more; if He could bring into thy impatience and hatred His own love and gentleness; if He could gird thee with courage, and gladden thee with hope, and fill thee with faith—should not that go far to complete thy satisfaction? Think again, if He should know thee with all thy hidden faculties and powers, all that thou canst ever come to be, and He should say unto thee; "Soul, I can develop, I can uplift. I can transform until the life of perfect goodness is thine." What then? He is come—as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God. Stay not discussing limits of goodness and definitions of perfection. Leave that to Him. Be thou, my

soul, all eager to have all thy Lord waits to give thee. Look up to Him now as thine own. Receive Him into thine heart, able and willing to do as much for thee as for any. Surrender thyself wholly to Him for the fulfilment of these great purposes, His satisfaction as well as thine. And claiming and expecting from such a Saviour such fulness of blessing, let thy song already celebrate His mercy—"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name, . . . Who satisfieth thee with goodness."

Satisfaction—I think I have seen it upon earth, where the little child lies in the mother's arms all compassed with love—love that folded in the arms, that consecrated all the life to the little one, love that looked from yearning eyes, and that sang in songs that soothed and gladdened it, whilst it lay laughing with a perfect gladness; without regret or fear, without care or want, all untouched by anything that could break the sunny surface of that perfect peace. See in this the fair emblem of what God's love can do for us. He thine, my soul, thine own, and thou altogether His, so compassed about with favour that thou canst lie down within the everlasting arms, the past hushed forever, and about thee the sunshine of His presence; so sure, so safe within His love, that thou canst but rest. Where Omnipotence watches there is no room for fear; where goodness like His controls all things, thou canst not wish for other than His will. And on for ever this purpose shaping all the ages—that thou be more and more like unto thy Lord, the fairest and altogether lovely. Sing aloud for very gladness—"Bless the Lord, O my soul."—*Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.*

SALVATION FROM SIN.

Christian perfection is not a state from which we cannot fall. No state of grace this side of heaven will end our probation and render a lapse into sin impossible. Do you ask, how can a holy man sin? It is sufficient to answer, how did the holy pair sin themselves out of paradise? Man possesses a fearful power of choice, an abstract power lodged within his volitions which renders it possible for him to sin himself out of any state of peace this side of heaven. God can save men from the practice, bent and being of sin; but not from the possibility of sinning. Such a salvation would end probation and annihilate virtuous actions under the present moral constitution. It is better to get where we won't sin than to go where we can't sin. Such a salvation secures more glory to God and reflects more dignity upon the creature. True, John says, "He that is born of God doth not commit sin; for His seed remaineth in him and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." This means no more than that he who is born an honest man doth not steal, for the seed of honesty is in him, and he cannot steal because he is an honest man. Any man can sin if he will, but a holy man won't and can't sin and maintain his holy estate.—*J. W. Hill.*

TO THE SPARROW AT THE ALTAR.

BY MARY ELIZABETH CLOUD.

"Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God. Psalm lxxxiv. 3.

Wee, twittering thing that now dost greet
The courts and altar-places sweet,
With hovering wing;
Forgetful of the meadows green,
Blest company thou hast, I ween,
Of snowy, swiftest hosts unseen,
Praising their King.

Dost thou not catch the rapturous note
That from some seraph's tongue doth float;
Or melody
Of cherub's or arch-angel's strings
Across the ether's golden springs;
Or softest breathing of those wings
So close to thee?

The people gathering thou dost hear,
The silver trumpets loud and clear,
The Hallel high,
Sweeping above the altar-fire,
From priest and answering chorister
And cymbal shrill, with sounding lyre
And psaltery.

The tuneful bulbul sleepeth now;
Weary of singing on the bough,
Till stars did set.
She does not hear the priest-bells chime;
The lonely Pleiads knew her time,
Rounding with low and tender rime,
O'er Olivet.

Well may'st thou stay in charmed mood,
Thy mates, the nesting swallow-brood:
Up the deep light,
Not place like this the lark doth know,
Nor bright kingfisher dipping low
Where fairest water-lilies blow,
Golden and white.

Nor eagle perched on Tabor's height,
Recking than this no lower flight,
Eyeing the sun,
Carmel upon the Western Sea,
The ships of dark, blue Galilee
And torrents calling, high and free,
From Lebanon.

Thou little bird, thou lovest well,
O beautiful, O beautiful,
The Holy Height where God doth dwell!
Brighter than day,
His glory shines. O still and sweet,
The Voice above the Mercy Seat!
Like thee, I, too, would with Him meet
And ever stay.

Front Royal, Va.

POPULAR SCIENCE—EARTH MOVEMENTS.

BY J. MILNE.

EVERY year, every day, and possibly every hour, the physicist and observer of nature discovers something which attracts attention, causes wonder, and affords material for discussion. At one moment we are invited to see solidified air, at another to listen to telephonic messages that are being transmitted without a wire, or to pause with astonishment before a pen which is producing a *fac-simile* of the writing, the sketches, and the erasures of a person who may be in a distant city.

Not a day passes without a new creation or discovery, and novelties for our edification and instruction are brought to our notice at the meetings of societies and conventions which from time to time are held in various parts of the world. At the last meeting of the British Association, held in Nottingham, the attention of the members was called to the reports of two committees summarizing a series of facts which seemed destined to open a new field in the science which treats of movements in the crust of our earth. For thirteen years one of these committees has devoted its attention to the volcanic and seismic phenomena of Japan, with the result that our knowledge of these subjects has been considerably extended. Now we observe that earthquakes, which are referred to as catastrophes in the processes of mountain formation and the elevation or depression along our coast-lines, are spoken of as "vulgar disturbances" which interfere with the observation of certain earth movements which are probably as common to England as they are to Japan.

Earthquake observations, although still capable of yielding much that is new, are for the present relegated to a subordinate position, while the study of a tide-like movement of the surface of our earth, which has been observed in Germany and Japan, earth tremors, and a variety of other movements, which we are assured are continually happening beneath our feet, are to take their place. Only in a few countries do earthquakes occur with sufficient frequency to make them worthy of serious attention. The new movements to which we are introduced are occurring at all times and in all countries, and we are asked to picture our continents as surfaces with a configuration that is always changing. We are told that every twenty-four hours the ground on which we live is gently tilted, so that the buildings in our cities, and the tall chimneys in our manufacturing towns, are slightly inclined like stalks of corn bent over by a steady breeze. The greatest tilting takes place during the night; in the morning all return to the vertical.

Why such a movement should exist, we are not told. All that we hear, is that it is too large for a terrain tide produced by lunar attraction. In Japan it appears possible that it may prove to be a concertina-like opening and shutting of the crumpled strata forming a range of mountains. To determine whether this intermittent puckering of strata, which would mean a daily increase and decrease in the height of mountains, explains the variability in the level of districts where observations have been made, is a matter for future investigation.

A problem which suggests itself in connection with this novel work will be to determine the limiting change in inclination, which we will assume means rock-bending, that culminates in sudden fracture and a jar, causing an earthquake.

Earthquake prophets up to the present appear to have lived upon the reputation of a few correct guesses the non-occurrence of which would have been contrary to the laws of chance. As observation has shown us that a very large proportion of our earthquakes, like those which occur in the Himalayas and the Alps, and even those which occur in vol-

canic Japan, are produced by faulting or sudden breakages in crumpling strata, rather than by explosions at volcanic foci, it would seem that a study of the bending which leads to fracture would be a legitimate method to approach the vexed question of earthquake prediction.

Another class of movements to which our attention is called are our old acquaintances, the microseismic or tremor storms, which are now defined as long, flat waves which give to the surface of our earth a movement not unlike the swell we so often see upon an ocean. Such disturbances are particularly noticeable whenever a district is crossed by a steep barometrical gradient. It is not unlikely that these movements, which are appreciable at considerable depths, have an effect upon the escape of fire-damp at our collieries, that they may influence the accuracy of delicate weighing operations—as, for example, during the determination of standard weights—that they may interfere with gravitational observations, and that they are a neglected source of error in certain classes of astronomical work. Our attention is next directed to the bending effect produced in certain districts by the rise and fall of the barometer, certain areas under variations in atmospheric pressure behaving as if they were the vacuum chambers of an aneroid.

Then there are the earthquakes of comparatively restful countries like our own. A large fault, by which mountains are suddenly lowered and valleys compressed, takes place in a distant country like Japan. Near the origin of the dislocation the shaking brings down forests from the mountain-sides, and the neighbouring district is devastated. As the waves spread they become less and less violent until, after radiating a few hundred miles, they are no longer appreciable to our senses. But the earthquake has not ended. As long, flat, easy undulations it continues until it has spread over the whole surface of the globe. The waves passing under Asia and Europe reach England first, while those crossing the meridian of our antipodes and North America arrive somewhat later. At Potsdam, Wilhelmshaven, and in Japan, waves of this order have often been recorded.

Great cities like London and New York are often rocked gently to and fro; but those world-wide movements, which may be utilized in connection with the determination of physical constants relating to the rigidity of our planet's crust, because they are so gentle, have escaped attention.

That the earth is breathing, that the tall buildings upon its surface are continually being moved to and fro, like the masts of ships upon an ocean, are at present facts which have received but little recognition. Spasmodic movements which ruin cities attract attention for the moment, but when the dead are buried, and the survivors have rebuilt their homes, all is soon forgotten. It seems desirable that more should be done to advance our knowledge of the exact nature of all earth-movements, by establishing seismological observatories, or at least preventing those in existence from sinking to decay.—*Nature.*

AVE IMPERATRIX.

AN ODE TO ENGLAND.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

Set in this stormy northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! what shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
The star of England's chivalry.

For southern wind and east wind meet
  Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England with bare and bloody feet
  Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
  And flapped wide wings in fiery flight;
But the sad dove, that sits alone
  In England—she hath no delight.

And many a moon and sun will see
  The lingering, wistful children wait
To climb upon their father's knee;
  And in each house made desolate

Pale women who have lost their lord
  Will kiss the relics of the slain—
Some tarnished epaulet—some sword—
  Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields
  Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,
Where we might deck their broken shields
  With all the flowers the dead love best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
  And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
  Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
  And others in the seas which are
The portals to the East, or by
  The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
  O silence of the sunless day!
O still ravine! O stormy deep!
  Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
  Possess the flower of English land—
Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
  Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
  The whole wide world with nets of gold,
If hidden in our heart is found
  The care that groweth never old?

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
  Where is our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
  And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away!
  What word of love can dead lips send
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
  Is this the end! is this the end?

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
  To vex their solemn slumber so;
Though childless, and with thorn-crowned head,
  Up the steep road must England go.

THE CHURCH VS. THE SALOON.

BY BISHOP J. N. FITZGERALD,

Of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE saloon is the chief and most audacious law-breaker of the age. It is the arch-destroyer of all that is dear to man. It is sleepless, relentless, insatiable, mighty. There is but one power in the land that is stronger, and that is the Church. If the saloon is to be overthrown the Church must overthrow it. Will she? The question is one of purpose, not of ability. She *can* do whatever she *will* in this all-important work.

The service which the Church has already rendered in antagonism to the saloon is not, by any means, to be disparaged. On the contrary, it is to be acknowledged as well-nigh invaluable. More than all other agents she has rescued perishing inebriates and softened the hearts of those who were forcing their brothers down to drunkards' graves. She, more than anything or anybody else, has created the sentiment which rules dram-sellers out of respectable society and places drunkard-making in the list of crimes. Nearly all of her denominations have cried aloud against the drink traffic, and have denounced it in unmeasured terms; and some of those denominations have so legislated that none of their members can lawfully buy, sell, or use as a beverage the deadly liquid.

All honour to the Church for her warfare against the saloon! We give to her great credit and thankful praise. Unquestionably she has been and still is in the van. Nevertheless, we are persuaded that before she can fully accomplish the great mission to which we believe God has called her, she must take a much longer step in advance and strike far heavier blows. Her forces must be thoroughly and permanently organized, and, combined with kindred forces, must constitute the opposition. The foes of the saloon must unite against its friends. The issue must be squarely joined. The saloon has long carried the black flag. Henceforth the Church and her allies in this particular warfare must carry it too. The battle must be desperately fought, and the field of battle must be the field of politics. This opposition must enter that field, just as did the opposition to the extension of slavery, and it must remain therein until Prohibition, like freedom, shall become an accepted doctrine against which no party shall dare to speak. From every organization that sympathizes or compromises with the rum-traffic Christian men must separate themselves and unite in an organization, every member of which shall at all times, including election days; and in all places, including the polls; and with all powers, including the ballot, stand against this giant evil of the day. The voting clergymen and laymen of the Church must become a unit on this great subject at the ballot-box—the point at which they have been divided in the past and are divided now.

Here is the difficult problem. But it could be solved, and it would be solved, were it not for the strength of old political party ties, than which nothing on earth seems to be stronger. In 1860-65 many a man who thought himself to be loyal to the nation to the last degree became a sympathizer with rebellion solely because of his love for a political party. And so to-day many a man who thinks himself to be a true friend of Prohibition becomes an apologist for the license system simply because he fears that the political party of his love may be harmed if Prohibition be insisted upon.

Bishop Forster forcibly and truthfully says:

"The Church of to-day, much more the Church of the future, must take to its heart the duty of combining and

massing its forces against that gigantic atrocity, that diabolical conspiracy, that nameless monstrum horrendum of Christian civilization, that mothers nine-tenths of the woes and sorrows which blight and curse our modern age—the traffic in intoxicants, which hides its deformity under forms of law. How long shall the face of our Christian age blister with this worse than pagan shame? Has the virtue of our time degenerated so low that we do not even blush at the legislative traffic in the souls of our own children? That by the very doors of our own homes and our temples an army of miscreants should, by authorization of laws made by Christian law-givers, prosecute a work of murder and death? . . . How can we go to the heathen with this cancer of worse than heathen infamy festering in our bosom!"

What an arraignment is this! Can the "Christian law-givers" enter any plea except that of guilty, and can Christian voters fail to see that they are *particeps criminis?* They unite, it is true, in demanding a prohibitory law, but they do not agree in support of men to enforce it, or even to enact it. They readily declare in favour of total abstinence for the individual, and legal Prohibition for the State, but after so declaring, a large proportion of them go to the polls and vote the ticket of a party that insists that the saloon shall be licensed. They petition earnestly for prohibitory legislation, and in most cases perhaps vote Local-Option and for Constitutional Prohibitory Amendments, but when urged to support a man or a ticket that declares for Prohibition and its strict enforcement, large numbers of them find some reason for declining. They adhere to the "old party" and "straight ticket" and the "regular candidate," and then they go forth saying, "Prohibition is, without doubt, the best thing: but if we cannot prohibit, we must try to restrict."

The sad experiences of the past ought to teach all Churchmen the lesson which saloonists have learned so perfectly, namely, that men are necessary as well as measures. Prohibition measures are good, but alone they are not sufficient. They need to be enforced; they cannot enforce themselves. As well might we, at the very outset, ask that they enact themselves, as to ask, later on, that they carry themselves into effect. The strongest cannon may be heavily loaded and accurately aimed, but it will never harm the enemy unless there be some friendly hand to apply the spark. Of what avail is a Maine law if rummies are to be elected to enforce it? What benefit can result from even constitutional Prohibition, so long as Christian men vote for candidates who are out of sympathy therewith, and who will, if elected, wink at the violation thereof?

Saloonists will defeat, if possible, all Prohibitory measures, but if, in spite of them, Prohibition be enacted, they will redouble their energy and open wider their purses for the election of their "friends." They know full well that even though their business be forbidden by law they will be able to prosecute it just the same if they can only place in office men who will violate their oaths and neglect to enforce the law.

Oh for the coming of the time when the power of the saloon to elect whomsoever it will shall be challenged by the Church, and when the Church in the greatness of her strength shall march forth and trample this boastful, this wicked Goliath beneath her feet! When once the Christian voters of America form and execute the determination to vote only for pronounced and proved Prohibitionists who stand upon unequivocal Prohibition platforms, the end will be at hand—and the saloon will go. May God speed the day!—*Christian Advocate.*

"A LITTLE sanctuary;"—gracious Lord,
Make true for me the treasures of this word;
Thyself hast brought me whither I am come,
And may no more go out until Thou call me home.

THE WITNESS TO IMMORTALITY.*

Whoever attempts to deal adequately with the subject of immortality must, so to speak, drain the entire upland of human thought; for faith in, or the hope of, another life has been a part of every philosophy worthy the name, of all great poetry, and of the very tissue of the habitual, although often unexpressed, life of civilized men. The belief in the reality of another world, and that men stand in vital and indissoluble relations with it, has overhung the entire intellectual history of humanity as the heavens overhang the earth. This faith has been held not only as a dogma, but as a philosophical conclusion, a poetic perception, and a motive of immense and immediate influence on the character and daily life of vast multitudes of men. No other idea, save that of the existence and nature of Deity, has been so widely held, so deeply interwoven in the history of the world, and so constantly, directly or by suggestion, represented and interpreted in art.

The arguments for immortality are set in impressive and telling order, and the demonstration gathers volume and force as it moves on to its end; but in the mind of the writer and in the heart of his discussion, immortality is not an open question; it is the divinest of all realities next after the being of God. It is not immortality proven or demonstrated which Dr. Gordon discusses, but immortality *witnessed* by the thought, the heart, and the history of men.

A purely philosophic discussion of the question of immortality would add little to the knowledge of the subject or to its force of motivity, for the reason that immortality, like all the great primary truths by which men live, is in no sense the creation or the product of merely intellectual activity. It has far greater depth of root than those ideas which have been consciously worked out along philosophic lines, and it has far greater authority. It is a necessity of man's life; an inevitable inference of his intellectual and moral being; and it comes to light as soon as he begins to live in free and intelligent relations with the universe. Philosophy has cleared up the idea and given it logical statement, and poetry has grasped it as one of the great realities upon which the imagination instinctively fastens itself; but the idea is part of the constitution of man, and has its roots in a soil deeper and richer than that of the intellect. Whoever would adequately trace its development and determine its validity must look for its origin neither in the intellect nor in the imagination, but in the essential nature of man; for it is neither a speculation nor an aspiration; it is a reality; a thing to be discovered, not created, by the intellect; to be realized, not fashioned, by the imagination.

One of the most impressive and able chapters in this volume is that which deals with the Hebrew prophets and points out the inevitable sequence of immortality from their sublime conception of the rule of righteousness. More than this, the prophetic element in all high and noble moral living is brought out with great force and beauty, and becomes a fresh and conclusive demonstration. What more convincing argument can be advanced than the fact that when the moral consciousness becomes sensitive and complete, and the moral nature invigorated and dominant, the mind is driven on to the idea of immortality by a vital logical process which it cannot resist?

The authority of Paul, as the master of all those who have dealt with this great theme, is shown to rest on the securest foundations of personal faith, philosophic power and definiteness, and beauty of

* *The Witness to Immortality in Literature, Philosophy and Life.* By George A. Gordon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50.

statement; while the treatment of the whole subject culminates in the clear and victorious identification of the teaching and life of Christ with the idea of immortality, not as a mere continuance of individual existence, but as the present and only life, the knowledge of and fellowship with the only true God.—Summing up the ideas of life held by the Hebrew prophets, Dr. Gordon introduces this striking illustration:

"As one standing among the Scotch hills in the early autumn, at sundown, and when the heather is in full bloom, perceives first the glory of the whole as it fashions itself into one seamless and superb robe, flung like royal purple round the shoulders of the kingly elevation, then observes the rich clusters and groups of beauty in the separate bushes, and, last of all, notices the single flower, the individual blossom, and its delicate and exquisite tint and tone, so the Hebrew prophets regarded life. The general outline was the first to impress them, the gathered greatness and collective dignity of men, the multitudes of people as they melted into one mass of royal possibility, with the beauty of the Lord their God resting upon them; then came the recognition of the smaller groups and wholes, the sense of the loveliness and lofty import of home; and finally the prophet's eyes fell upon the individual heart and discerned its wonderful structure, its sacred office, its priceless worth. The moral government of God, first discovered as concerned with the nation, is next beheld as extending to the family, and lastly is seen searching the heart of the individual human being, and clothing his life with a dignity altogether unspeakable.—*The Outlook.*

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

I KNOW not the day that the Lord came down,
With an emptied glory and a vanished crown,
As a babe in a manger in Bethlehem's town.
But I know in my heart that the Lord came down.

I saw not the star gleaming far in the west,
Guiding Persian magi in wandering quest,
Till they found in His worship their soul's truest rest,
But I see in my heart that the star shineth on.

I saw not the blaze in the dark midnight sky,
Nor the white-winged messengers earthward hie,
Nor heard I their glory-song echo and die,
But I hear in my heart their sweet Gloria now.

I know not how man may the great God embrace,
How the Infinite finds in the finite a space,
How the attributes, human, divine, interlace,
But I feel in my heart that the Christ findeth room.

I know not how men from their sins are beguiled,
How the past is forgiven, and the savage grows mild,
How the world is redeemed by the touch of a Child,
But I know in my heart that the Child saveth me.

I ask not how rulers sore troubled may be,
How scribes may interpret the sure prophecy,
How the world's blinded eyes nought of beauty may see,
'Tis enough for my heart He is Jesus to me.

PLATTSVILLE, Ont.

Current Readings.

Methodism.

This is not bigotry; it is not offensive sectarianism; it is "an organized Christian fraternity," seeking alliance offensive and defensive with all forces of righteousness in array against all forces of sin. Acquaint yourself with the history, polity and doctrines of our own denomination. Make much of the peculiarities of our system. Our victories have been won by minding, and not by mending, our Rules. To enforce, and not to improve, our Discipline is our greatest need, and would be fruitful of the best results within the range of possible realization. Be loyal Methodists. Guard the old-time sacred fires which, from the first, burned and glowed on our altars. Keep aflame in your own hearts the warm love and the consuming zeal which marked your godly fathers and saintly mothers, drew down upon them persecutions, and branded them "enthusiasts" and "fanatics." As a church we need frequently to replenish ourselves with the oil and the fuel of divine grace, lest the light that is in us grow dim, and the fire enkindled by the Holy Ghost among us die down in smouldering embers, and we become cheerless and chill. We must keep in "the old paths, where is the good way," into which we were called at the beginning, and in which our forefathers have walked triumphantly for a hundred and a half-hundred years.

We have been a radical Church against sin and in favour of holiness; we have been a witnessing Church, making known the power of grace unto full salvation; we have been a revival Church; Pentecosts have crowned our altars and glorified our sanctuaries; we have been a triumphant Church, filled with the joy of Christian experience; our fathers used to shout, like conquerors; they were mighty men of God, whose tread was like the tramp of thunder, and whose voices in prayer and testimony were like bugle-blasts blown from trumpets of tall archangels. Our mothers used to be victorious heroines of the Cross, angels of light and love in dark places and to desolate hearts. Ye are the seed royal of this godly race; perpetuate the purity and power of their holy lives and deeds. Let their deep, personal piety dwell in you; let their rich experiences of full salvation and their clear, ringing testimonies in the power of divine grace, which made and marked them the "elect sons and daughters of God"—find place and utterance in you; then the Church shall be filled with devout worshippers, and the message of the Gospel resounding through its aisles shall reverberate in the ears of the outlying multitudes. —*Christ Church Monthly.*

An Inspirational Church.

We have heard a great deal about the Institutional Church. It has kindergartens, and working-girls' clubs, and young men's clubs, and boys' clubs, and parlours, and a gymnasium, and a reading-room, and perhaps a bowling-alley and a billiard-room, to say nothing of a kitchen and a monthly party called a "sociable." It has something on hand every night in the week. It educates, it entertains, it instructs. We believe in the Institutional Church.

But there is some danger lest the Institutional Church shall fail to be also an Inspirational Church; in which case it ceases to a be a Church at all. A Church is not an Academy, it is not a Club, and it certainly is not a Variety Show. Its object is not to teach, nor to entertain. Its chief object is to inspire. There are clubs and societies and orders to entertain; there are schools to teach; there is only the Church to inspire. Other institutions minister to the body, to the social instincts, to the mind; the Church alone ministers to the spirit. If the Church, in its

eagerness to do other ministry, forgets to minister to the spirit ; if, in its ambition to afford innocent entertainment, healthful society, beneficent instruction, it forgets to afford inspiration, it forgets its real function and ceases to be a Church at all.

The more institutional it is, the more inspirational it needs to be. The greater and more complex its body, the greater the need of a pulsating life. Nothing can serve as a substitute for spiritual enthusiasm in the pulpit, in the devotional meeting, in the Sunday-school. If the heart ceases to beat, the corpse may still be beautiful, but it is a corpse ; and the heart of the Church is its devotional spirit—its faith in God, its hope in God, its love for God. The more of the so-called secular work the Church is doing, the greater need of spiritual preaching in the pulpit, fulness of life in the prayer-meetings, and the spirit of prayer in the homes. It is not ecclesiasticism and philanthropy that God has joined together, but piety and philanthropy ; let not man put them asunder. We plead with the preacher, the pastor, the layman, for an access of spiritual force in the heart of the Church—always needed, but never more needed than to-day. —*The Outlook.*

Question of the Hour.

The great question of the hour is, How can the immediate proclamation of the Gospel to every creature be made a fact? Other preliminary questions have been answered by the very movements of God's providence and the developments of human history. We need no longer ask how we shall get access to the nations, for the barriers are down ; nor need we inquire how we are to reach these uttermost parts of the earth, for the steamship and the steam-car will bear us to the limits of the globe in less than two months ; nor need we search the implements and instruments for the work of evangelization, for the printing press offers to make the eye the handmaid of the ear in the rapid dispersion of the Gospel message, and science offers to be the powerful ally of faith in the conquest of the world for Christ. Nor is it a question of adequate force for the field, for the evangelical churches would furnish four hundred thousand missionaries, or one for every two thousand of the unevangelized population, and yet have one hundred at home to support every foreign missionary. It is not even a question of adequate means to support a great army of missionaries, for the aggregate wealth which is at the disposal of disciples is so great that one-tenth of it would amply suffice to sustain half a million workmen in the foreign field and supply all the needed adjuncts and accessories for mission work.

What, then, is the hindrance? We answer unhesitatingly that the Church of God is trifling with human souls and with her own duty. The time has come for plainness of speech. It is not time to put a veil over the face, or a gag in the mouth. Christian missions have never yet been taken up by the Reformed Church as an enterprise to be dared and done for God, like any other enterprise, with promptness and resoluteness.

. . . . . .

The grand duty of the hour is, to my mind, as plain as an unclouded sun at its zenith. Faith in the duty and so the possibility of doing it ; energy of action, courageously and promptly doing the King's business, and prayer for power from above. Give us these, and before the generation passes away the world shall hear the Gospel.—*Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., in Missionary Review.*

Cycles have rolled since the first Christmas day,
When, from His Father's house the Son came down
To share our sorrows, take our sins away,
And make Himself, for us, of no renown.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

It is with very profound feelings that we write the last words of this fortieth volume of The Methodist Magazine. Gratitude to God is predominant for prolonged life and strength after twenty years of exacting and arduous editorial work, —for much of that time supervising nine distinct periodicals. With this is blended gratitude to our indulgent and sympathetic readers for many words of cheer and encouragement; to the able contributors to this Magazine; and especially to the ministers of the Methodist Church, whose kind co-operation has so greatly conduced to its success.

We stand, we believe, on the threshold of a new epoch, of larger opportunities and of greater usefulness. Compared with the humble beginnings of this Magazine a score of years ago, the literary and artistic excellence which it has reached marks a very conspicuous advance in the publishing capabilities of our connexional Book-room and in the efficient aid given by Canadian writers.

That the future may mark a still more conspicuous advance than the past will require the hearty help of every reader, and especially of all the ministers who are authorized agents of this Magazine. We need to double our subscription list in order to carry out the improvements which we have in view. We request each present subscriber to promptly remit his own subscription and to endeavour to send at least one other subscription. As an inducement thereto the Publisher offers, as a special premium, a copy of Withrow's "Canadian in Europe," being sketches of travel in France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland and Belgium, Great Britain and Ireland. This is a well-printed, well-bound volume of 376 pages, with 112 engravings. Its selling-price is $1.25. This book will be sent free and postpaid to any and every subscriber, new or old, remitting his own together with another subscription at the regular price of two dollars each.

It is felt that the Magazine, especially in its new and enlarged form, and with the splendid announcement for 1895, will be ample value for the modest subscription price; but this special offer is made to more widely introduce it, in the confident expectation that where it once becomes known it will be pre-eminently retained. Our main dependence, however, for the extension of its sphere of influence is the kind co-operation of the Methodist ministers throughout the Dominion. It is they who have made it so successful in the past, and it is upon them that we are dependent and hopeful for its greater success in the future.

IN HIM IS LIFE.

From out the silence and the shadows dim,
  From out the weary discord and the strife,
One great truth bringeth life and peace:—in Him
  Is Life—and He, in us, is Life.

What more, what better, hath the earth to give?
  And Heaven itself—what can it offer more?
All things are theirs in whom the Christ doth live—
  Content of Love—fulness of grace and power.

Who freely of the life in Him partake
  Choose gladly ways in which His worn feet trod,
Toil in unfailing gladness for His sake—
  Sad Soul, He waits thee in this Book of God.

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

GENERAL CONFERENCE REPORTS.*

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

The Educational Society.

The income has increased during the quadrennium over the former, but since 1892 there has been a declension. During the current quadrennium, with an educational collection being taken in all the Sunday-schools, as recommended, as well as in the churches, there should certainly be an advance all along the line.

Six colleges are aided by this collection, viz., Wesley College, Newfoundland, which receives the total of what is raised within the bounds of that Conference; Mount Allison gets fourteen per cent.; Montreal Wesleyan Theological College eighteen per cent; Wesley College, Winnipeg, eighteen per cent., with all that the Manitoba Conference raises for the Society; Victoria College fifty per cent., out of which $500 per annum has been paid to Albert College, Belleville, during the past quadrennium.

Since the General Conference of 1890, Victoria College has been erected in Toronto at an expense, including furnishing, etc., of $222,000, every cent of which has been paid, and the magnificent building is free from debt. There is an endowment of $289,353.44, which is much below the requirements of the institution. It is gratifying to know that in the University Federation movement, there are 5,109 names recorded with subscriptions amounting to $512,360.05, of which $404,110.61 has been paid; of this number 633 ministers subscribed $33,703 80, of which $25,334,64 has been paid.

As ministerial students are greatly aided by means of loans from the Educational Society, the amount from collections should be greatly increased, as the aid rendered to those worthy young men is not equal to the requirements. During the past year 167 students were in attendance, besides Divinity students not taking Arts work. This is the largest number in the history of the institution.

St. John's College, Newfoundland.

The great fire of 1892, which destroyed half the city, consumed the Methodist College. Temporary premises were secured, until the new structure could be erected. By the time this article is printed, the new building, which cost more than $60,000, will have been opened. The aggregate attendance for the quadrennium was 344. The friends in Newfoundland are among the most generous in Methodism considering their means. Their brethren in the West gave them practical sympathy during the period of their great fire, by sending to their relief the sum of $10,000. In addition to rebuilding the college the noble people are taking steps towards founding a home for the orphan children of ministers.

Mount Allison University.

This institution consists of several departments, including the Female College. During the quadrennium two fine halls were erected, known as the Black Memorial Hall and Beethoven Hall, and now a university residence and art gallery are in course of erection, either of which would be a credit to any institution of learning. During the last New Brunswick Conference, which met at Sackville, the seat of the university, the brethren raised nearly $900 toward furnishing the new university residence.

This university began its course in July, 1862, and has had an honourable history. Its graduates are to be found in many lands;

* Not being able to write fully concerning these in our last issue, we have determined to write a special article concerning them.

several of them are occupying positions of influence, both in Church and State. It is worthy of remark that Mount Allison was the first chartered college in Canada to admit women to all the privileges of regular collegiate courses and degrees.

Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

This institution enjoys affiliation with McGill University. During the past quadrennium its friends were called to mourn the death of its honoured principal, the Rev. Geo. Douglas, D.D., LL.D. The number of students has averaged seventy each session. Of these thirteen per cent. took the Arts course in McGill, twenty per cent. the course for the degree of B.D., forty per cent. the course for licentiates in theology, seventeen per cent. the Conference course for probationers, and ten per cent. preliminary or matriculation work.

The endowment fund is increasing gradually. The total assets amount to $130,000, and there is no debt on the building. Students board at the College at a much less cost than they could in the city.

Increased accommodation is required both for lecture-rooms and dormitories. The Rev. W. I. Shaw, D.D., LL.D., is now principal. The total staff of teachers is six.

The Methodist College at Stanstead.

This college has done a noble work for the youth of both sexes. Recently $20,000 was raised for the payment of certain debts and providing further facilities for usefulness.

Albert College, Belleville.

This college was instituted by the late Methodist Episcopal Church in 1857, and was incorporated with Victoria University at the Union of 1883. The total number of its students last quadrennium averaged more than 220. It has been an excellent auxiliary to Victoria, and its students have proved themselves equal to those of any similar institution.

Wesley College, Winnipeg.

This college was commenced in 1873, but for want of support was discontinued until 1877, when it was incorporated. It is now affiliated with the university of Manitoba. The members and friends of Manitoba and the Northwest Conferences have nobly sustained the college. A building is now in course of erection, towards which Mr. H. A. Massey, of Toronto, gave $25,000, and other gentlemen have generously contributed several thousand dollars. Already the institution has been of great value to the rising ministry of the Conference.

The Columbian Methodist College.

The Rev. R. Whittington, M.A., B.Sc., after spending a few years in Japan, has entered upon the duties of principal of this institution in British Columbia, which was incorporated in 1893. Though only recently organized, its friends believe that it has entered upon an honourable career.

In addition to the important seats of learning now named as belonging to the Methodist Church, there are also the Ladies' colleges at Hamilton, St. Thomas and Whitby, all of which have done valuable work. The college at Hamilton was the pioneer institution of its kind in Canada.

There are also missionary institutions in Japan; Mount Elgin Indian Institute, and the French Methodist Institute in Montreal. There are Indian industrial schools at Red Deer, Port Simpson, Morley and Chilliwhack. Some of these are supported, at least in part, by the Woman's Missionary Society, which also sustains schools at Tokyo, Shizuoka, Kanazawa and Kofu, Japan, the Crosby Home at Port Simpson, the Indian School at Chilliwhack, the Chinese Rescue Home at Victoria, and some French schools in the Province of Quebec.

Sunday-schools.

There are now 3,251 schools in the Church, an increase of 274, which makes an increase in eight years of 622. The number of scholars is 252,546, increase 26,496. Teachers 30,807, increase 2,396. Number of scholars meeting in class 59,423,

increase 22,265. Amount raised for Sunday-school Aid Fund in quadrennium $16,717.73, increase $2,842.73.

Grants have been made to schools to the amount of $19,249, an increase on the previous quadrennium of $7,372. These grants were distributed through every province of the Dominion in the missionary districts of Newfoundland, the Maritime Provinces, in the new settlements of the upper Ottawa, Muskoka, Algoma, Manitoba and the North-West and in British Columbia.

The work of the Secretary has largely increased, 4,800 letters have been written during the quadrennium.

Within a very small fraction of the entire income of the Board is distributed directly for the benefit of poor schools, there being no expenses of management beyond a small amount for postage and a few sundries of the kind. It is gratifying to notice that the schools are responding more uniformly and more liberally to the appeals made for this fund.

The expenditure for schools maintained during 1894 reached the very large sum of $122,422 ; an increase of $19,172, or nearly twenty per cent. over that of 1890, which was an increase of thirty per cent. on that of 1886. The number of books reported in the Sunday-school libraries is 318,017, an increase of 51,543 on books of 1890.

There has been raised in the schools for missions in 1893-4, $25,361, an increase of $1,636 on the previous year. Of the Sunday-school periodicals over 160,000 pages are printed for every working-day in the year. The entire income from these exceeds $200,000.

Epworth League.

Of this organization there are in Canada 1,032 societies. Of these 812 are Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavour, and 220 are Epworth Leagues pure and simple. The official title of the societies will be "Epworth League," but this will not prevent the Leagues fraternizing with the Christian Endeavour societies and *vice versa*. Large hopes are entertained for this late movement of Methodism. There are also 259 Christian Endeavour societies in the Methodist Church in Canada. There are also a number of societies of King's Sons and King's Daughters, and 253 Mission Bands and Circles.

Book-Room and Publishing House.

An increased amount of business was done during the quadrennium ; hence there was an increase of profits in all the departments amounting to $72,874.02, notwithstanding the large deduction made by the valuators on the assets. The capital stock has been increased to $65,209.93, an increase on the quadrennium of $12,301.18. During the same term $26,300 was granted to the Superannuation Fund, an increase of $4,300.

A loan of $10,000 without interest is granted the Book-Room at Halifax.

The price of the *Christian Guardian* is to be reduced to one dollar, commencing January 1st, 1895. A largely increased circulation will be required to save the House from loss. The Book Committee is authorized to open a depository in Winnipeg if expedient, and a corresponding editor at Winnipeg is to furnish matter for a page in the *Christian Guardian;* two pages are also to be set apart as the Epworth League department.

The eastern section of the Book-Room has had an increase of sales, which has produced net profits amounting to $3,434.97. The price of the *Wesleyan* is to be reduced to one dollar, which it is hoped will be the means of greatly increasing the circulation of that weekly.

Missionary Report.

The income during the quadrennium was $857,156 and the expenditure $951,332, leaving a deficit of $23,000. The contribution per member averaged 77½ cents. Toronto Conference is the largest, $1.06.

The Woman's Missionary Society reports an income of $37,974, a gain in four years of $15,667. All this amount is expended among the

French, Indian, Chinese and Japanese missions, schools and missionaries.

The Board strongly recommended that something should be done to reduce the number of home missions, as some places had been missions forty years. Means should be adopted also to prevent so many Protestant missionary societies labouring in the same localities, as such proceedings involved unnecessary expenditure both of men and money.

The foreign missions in China and Japan presented many interesting features. In the former a chapel had been built, largely by the aid of a liberal friend at Halifax, N.S., also two parsonages and a dispensary were in course of erection.

With a view to reduce expenditure the number of members on the General Board has been reduced. The General Secretary has generously reduced his own salary $500. A reduction is also made in the salary of the assistant, so that the expense of management will thus be reduced $2,000.

Owing to increasing demands, the Board at its late meeting could only make grants to the domestic missions averaging about seventy per cent. of their claims. This is a great hardship. Cases have come to the present writer's knowledge, where young men, university graduates, received smaller allowances than female teachers in the public schools. It is to be hoped that during the current year there may be an increase of income. A Children's Day and collections in the Sunday-schools should help to swell the amount of income to $250,000.

Embarrassed Trusts Board Report.

Several trusts, nineteen in all, including St. Lawrence Camp Ground, have been aided to the amount of $16,145.98, besides the sum of $17,454.27 paid in interest to various trusts on borrowed money. There are now only five trusts besides the camp ground, which have not been wholly relieved. An increase of one per cent. during the next four years will do much to completely relieve the embarrassment. The collections received in four years amount to $17,550.35.

Superannuation Board Report.

The invested capital amounts to $206,038.83, an increase of $29,-038.83, since 1890. The number of claimants has increased, so that there are now 204 ministers, 151 widows, and eighty-two children receiving aid from this fund.

During the quadrennium there was an increase from investments, but a decrease from ministers' and circuits' subscriptions.

In future ministers' subscriptions are to be in proportion to their salaries, on which they are to pay three per cent., none less than $15, on salaries of $500 or under. Departments which have the services of ministers are to contribute an amount equal to what the circuits would be likely to contribute should those ministers be employed in the pastorate.

General Conference Fund Report.

The income for the quadrennium was $22,352.70, but the expenditure was $37,192.02. The excess in the expenditure arose largely from unforeseen expenses in connection with the Ecumenical Council, law expenses, committee meetings on union, and commission on boundaries. If the various Annual Conferences will exceed their collections during the quadrennium twenty per cent., the deficit may be removed by the General Conference of 1898.

Dear Lord, I thank Thee Thou dost understand,
And through the mist and cloud
Safe Thou wilt lead me to the light at last,
Holding my hand.

LESSONS OF CHRISTMAS.

The sweet Christ-month, the month that Love was born,
That ever was an alien until now,
What though the blossoms hang not on the bough?
What though the earth of beauty's place be shorn?

Lo in the woods, beneath the frost-kissed hill,
The holly lights the path—December's rose—
And underneath the scarlet berry grows,
As if to tell us Love is living still.

THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST.

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

The New Testament affords but one hint of the personal appearance of Jesus Christ. John is in the Spirit, it is said, on the Lord's Day. He is awakened as from a trance by a great voice like that of a trumpet, turns to see who it is that is speaking to him, and, being turned, beholds one like unto the Son of man: "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and his feet like unto fine brass, and his voice as the sound of many waters." This is not like the pictures of Christ which conventional art has furnished us—a feminine face, hair parted in the middle, long flowing locks, all gentleness, tenderness, femininity. One can imagine, from this picture, John recalling the appearance of Christ when He drove the traders from the temple, His eyes flashing fire, His firm and martial tread indicating the resistless will, and His voice of wrath deep and sonorous. As one looks at this picture he can, too, better understand some misunderstood or forgotten incidents in the life of Christ. He will remember how more than once this Christ faced a mob and the mob parted before Him, and He passed through them as Israel through the Red Sea; he will remember how the Temple police came to arrest Christ as He was teaching in the Temple, but left Him untouched and went away and reported, "Never man spake as this man;" he will remember and get new light upon the declaration that Jesus Christ spake with authority, and not as the scribes; he will remember the significant little incident recorded in Mark, that, as Christ and His disciples went up to Jerusalem, Jesus went before the rest, and they, amazed and afraid, followed after; he will remember and better understand the declaration of the evangelists, more than once repeated, that the disciples were afraid to ask Christ, and questioned among themselves as to His meaning; he will remember the night of the arrest, and how Christ went out and put Himself between His half-awakened disciples and the band of police, confronting the latter, and how they fell backward to the ground before Him, and He waited, holding the band at bay by His mere presence, until He gave opportunity to His disciples to escape; he will remember and understand the awe of Pilate before this majestic personality.

But was not Jesus gentle, and tender, and patient? Was not His gentleness, His tenderness, His patience, more than woman's, the wonder of His disciples? Yes! But what made this wonderful was that such a man as He possessed also these traits. The Lion of the tribe of Judah was the Lamb who before His shearers opened not His mouth. What amazed them was that a man with such power of wrath that the traders fled before Him unarmed and unattended, a man with such power of indignation that the Pharisees quailed before His flashing eye and sonorous utterances—that such a man as He, when personally insulted,

was silently patient, standing calm and unmoved when spit upon and buffeted. For in Jesus Christ the strength of manhood and the patience of womanhood were united. He knew how to be angry and sin not, for His anger was inspired by love, never by personal pride. He bore with unruffled patience wrongs to Himself, but His eyes flashed fire when He saw wrong perpetrated upon others. The world yet waits for an artist who shall paint a Christ that shall answer to the vision which John saw in the isle of Patmos, a Christ through the windows of whose soul spirit flashes out in gleams of fire, whose feet have the tread of might and majesty, whose lips suggest a voice in its deep musicalness like the voice of the ocean, full of power.

Book Notices.

Chinese Characteristics. By Arthur H. Smith, Twenty-two Years a Missionary of the American Board in China. Second edition revised, with illustrations. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto. Price, $2.00.

The attention of the world is turned to the great Chinese Empire as never before. This greatest, territorially, and oldest of nations seems to be on the eve of breaking up. Certainly it is getting such a rude shaking by contact with Japan, and the modern arts of war, that it will never be again what it has been in the past. It is probable that before the end of this century railways, telegraphs and steam navigation will open up the country to the Gospel and Christian civilization as never before.

In view of these changing conditions a recent and authentic description of the country and its people will possess unusual interest. Such description is given in the volume under review by a missionary of twenty-two years' standing and of keen powers of observation and description. In a number of graphic chapters the author describes the extraordinary economy and industry of the Chinese, their uniform politeness, their disregard of time and accuracy, their talent for misunderstanding and indirection; and, in happy phrase, their flexible inflexibility and intellectual turbidity, their absence of nerves and contempt for foreigners, their absence of public spirit, their conservatism, patience and perseverance, content and cheerfulness, filial piety and benevolence, mutual suspicion and absence of sincerity. Chinese religions, the real condition and need of China, are the subject of concluding chapters.

From this enumeration it will be seen how wide is the range of this survey. This will be an admirable book for mission bands and circles. The numerous illustrations from original photos are exceedingly good. The interior views especially bring before us the social life of the people in a very realistic manner.

The Last Leaf. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Illustrated by George Wharton Edwards, and F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

There is a peculiar pathos about the posthumous issue of this poem, which the genial "Autocrat" has illustrated by his own lingering life. In a *fac-simile* letter, dated July 12th, 1894, he says: "I am one of the very last of the leaves which still cling to the bough of life that budded in the spring of the nineteenth century. The days of my years are threescore and twenty, and I am almost half-way up the steep incline which leads me to the base of the new century, so near to which I have already climbed."

The poem has a tender quaintness of its own. "It was with a smile on my lips that I wrote it," said the author. "I cannot read it without a sigh of tender remembrance." The illustrations are extremely sympathetic, and many of them are as quaint as the poem. The village streets, the town crier, the wintry woods, the leafless forest, the deserted graveyard, are illustrated with poetic suggestiveness. The most pathetic of all is that of the old man bending in the twilight over the mossy slab deciphering the half-effaced but well beloved name.

> The mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that he has prest
> In their bloom,
> And the names he loved to hear
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb.

Eastern Customs in Bible Lands. By H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D., D.D., Canon of Durham. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Canon Tristram has written some of the most valuable books of travel and exploration in Bible lands. He brings to his task a thorough acquaintance with the original tongues of the Old and New Testaments, and a wide experience and observation derived from repeated journeys in Palestine. In this volume he gives us the result of his studies and observation in a series of instructive chapters. He describes journeying in the East, Feasts and Festivals, Pastoral and Agricultural Life, Costumes and Customs, Wars and Sieges, Jurisprudence, Trade, Money, Taxation, etc. He also throws much light on the ministry of Jesus as Teacher and Healer, and on many passages of the Old and New Testament. The book will be a valuable aid to Bible study.

Lectures and Essays. By PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH. Toronto: Copp, Clark Company, Limited. New York: Macmillan & Company. Price, $2.50.

It is a gratifying feature in the history of Canadian literature that the distinguished scholar who for a score of years has made his home among us should have so thoroughly identified himself with his adopted home. A large proportion of the essays contained in this volume first appeared in the *Canadian Monthly* or other Canadian periodicals. The historical essays are marked by the wide reading, the keen insight and the felicitous phrasing, which are so striking a characteristic of this writer. Among these are noble studies of the "Greatness of the Romans," "The Greatness of England" and "The Great Duel of the Seventeenth Century." The latter is the most brilliant account of the great struggle between Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein and Tilly that we have ever read. Other historical papers are "Falkland and the Puritans," "A Wire-puller of Kings,"—A Character-Study of Baron Stockmar—"The Early Years of Wolfe," "King Alfred," "Abraham Lincoln," and "A True Captain of Industry—Mr. Brassey, Constructor of the Grand Trunk Railway." There are also a number of papers on literary and social topics that will interest every reader.

Documentary History of Canada. From the Passing of the Constitutional Act, of 1791, to the Close of Rev. Dr. Ryerson's Administration of the Education Department in 1876. Vol. I: 1790–1830. By J. GEO. HODGINS, M.A., LL.D. Toronto: Warwick Bros. & Rutter, and William Briggs.

To few men is it given—we doubt if it has ever occurred before—to give half a century of service to the educational interests of their country. This has been the happy experience of Dr. J. George Hodgins. The present work, and the complementary volume which we may shortly expect, will be a fitting crown to this long-continued public service. *Finis coronat opus.*

The preparation of this work has been a labour of love. It has involved much delving amid the records of the past, and patient collection of documentary evidence

on the important subject which he treats. This arduous labour is completed with Dr. Hodgins' characteristic accuracy and thoroughness. He goes back to the very beginnings of our colonial history, and gives personal sketches of the early governors and other public men. He recounts the modest beginnings of our educational system and its gradual development.

A conspicuous figure in this period is the Rev. Dr. Strachan, whose energy in connection with the education in his day, and especially with the establishment of King's College are faithfully chronicled. Incidentally light is thrown upon early grammar and common schools, and allusion is made to Sunday-schools in Kingston in 1817, and to the founding of Upper Canada College. The companion volume treating the subsequent development of education in Ontario, the founding of Victoria, Queen's and Trinity Universities, and to the administration of that greatest of Canadians, Dr. Egerton Ryerson, promises to be of no less interest than this volume.

The Dominion of Canada. By KARL BAEDEKER. Leipsic: Karl Baedeker. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

It is a distinct honour to Canada that the editor of the best guide-books in the world should make our broad Dominion the subject of one of his thorough, exhaustive, and up-to-date books of travel. We have in our possession over a dozen of Baedeker's guide-books, and consider them simply indispensable for an intelligent acquaintance with any country which they treat. This book is a model of concentration. In the 316 pages which it contains we have a brief outline of the Constitution of Canada, by Dr. Bourinot, a geographical and geological sketch, by Dr. G. M. Dawson, a paper on its Sports and Pastimes, Canadian Bibliography and chief dates in Canadian History. It describes the means of travel through the highways and byways of each province, the island of Newfoundland, and an extension of travel to Sitka, in Alaska. It gives lists and rates of hotels and boarding houses, rates of travel by rail, steamer, ferry, tramcar; and omnibus, cab and carriage tariff, the chief points of interest—everything, in fact, that travellers need to know. It has ten clearly drawn maps printed in colours, and seven plans of the chief cities of Canada. The only error that we have noted is crediting Mount St. Elias, the highest mountain in North America—18,200 high—to the possession of the United States; whereas the recent survey just completed places it in Canada. Even Canadians who think they know their own country well may learn much that is new to them from this volume.

From Blomidon to Smoky, and Other Papers. By FRANK BOLLES. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

The picturesque Province of Nova Scotia has a rare fascination for American tourists. Longfellow and Charles Dudley Warner have made Grand Prè and Baddeck classic. Mr. Bell and Mr. Kenner—of telephone and Siberian fame—have charming homes in Cape Breton. A swarm of American summer visitors haunts the quaint old towns and picturesque and bold bays and headlands of the rocky peninsula. Few of them, however, receive such vivid impressions and have such graceful mode of expression as the author of, "From Blomidon to Smoky." He grows enthusiastic over the magnificent outlook from the Look-Off over Grand Prè. "I know of no other hill or mountain which gives the reward that this one does in proportion to the effort required to climb it." The magnificent Gasperaux Valley, the broad Basin of Minas, with its poetic associations, and the majestic outlook from Cape Smoky on the far-east coast of Cape Breton are graphically depicted. Another chapter describes the home of the Glooscap, the mythological Hiawatha of Nova Scotia.

"If the scenery failed to charm," says the writer, "the names of places did not fail to astonish us. Acadie, Tracadie, Shubenacadie, rang in my ears for days. and so did the less harmonious refrain of Tignish, Antigonish and Merigonish. When I heard of Pugwash the climax seemed attained. It did not seem possible that any swain could go a-courting a girl from Pugwash." The writer is an expert ornithologist and has a series of charmingly sympathetic chapters on the Ways of the Owl, Bird Traits, Individuality in Birds, and the like. Canadians may learn from this book much concerning their easternmost provinces.

The School of Life. By THEODORE F. SEWARD. New York: James Pott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

This book is a treatment of some of the deepest problems of human existence. It discusses the august theme of the relation of man to God and of man to man. It shows the immanence of God—the great Soul of the world—in nature, and affirms that the time is rapidly approaching when the presence of an unseen God in the universe will be accepted on the same ground as the presence of an unseen soul in man. We see sure evidence in the universe, as in the human body, of a will working in and through it—a conscious Being who feels, loves, plans and executes. This volume is an admirable antidote to the materialistic tendencies of the age, and is in an important sense an "aid to faith" for earnest souls groping after God if haply they may find Him.

Canadian Independence, Annexation, and British Imperial Federation. By JAMES DOUGLAS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, price, 75c.

We regret that a notice of this book has been unduly delayed on account of pressure of work. It is one of the most sensible discussions of an important subject that we have yet met. It sets forth the difficulties and perils of annexation on account of the racial and religious divergencies of the people concerned. It urges the freest possible commercial intercourse and utmost political and social harmony between Canada and the United States. But the author looks with favour rather towards the creation of a group of separate English-speaking states in both hemispheres, controlling without interference their own domestic affairs, but bound together by common constitutional ties and common interests, each working out its own individual destiny while contributing to the strength, the influence and the prosperity of the whole.

A Sketch of the History of the Apostolic Church. By OLIVER J. THATCHER, of the University of Chicago. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

The study of the early years of Christianity is of ever fresh interest. The beginning of that moral kingdom which was to fill the world is full of lessons of profoundest importance to this *fin de siecle* age. A moral Hercules even in its babehood, around its cradle lay the strangled snakes—paganism and pagan vices. In a series of its important chapters Professor Thatcher discusses the condition of the world at the advent of the Messiah, the Expansion of Judaism, the Spirit of Christianity, the Breaking of Jewish Bonds, and the burning questions between the Judaizers and St. Paul. A noble study of the great apostle and cognate themes make a book of unusual importance.

Master and Men, or the Sermon on the Mountain Practised on the Plain. By WILLIAM BURNETT WRIGHT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

The sub-title of this book most happily explains its method. It expresses also the great need of the age—not abstract ethical sentiments

but the words of Jesus translated in the living act and fact. There is in these chapters a fresh and unconventional manner of preaching and a literary grace which make them fascinating reading, as well as fasten the truth they teach like barbed arrows in the soul. Parallel with the beatitudes expounded are given illustrious examples of their embodiment. These are remarkable character-studies of George Macdonald, the illustration of Blessedness and Power; St. Paul, of the Blessedness of Sorrow; Moses, of the Inheritance of the Meek; Socrates, of Hunger and Thirst after Righteousness; King Alfred, of Mercy; George Fox, of Seeing God; and Charles George Gordon, that heroic English Bayard, by a bold metaphor, soldier though he was, of the Blessedness of the Peacemaker.

In Distance and in Dream. By M. F. SWEITZER. Boston: Joseph Knight Company. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.50.

This is a tender and sympathetic story of a life after death. The translated soul does not forget the home joys and sorrows of survivors, and is permitted to minister heavenly consolations. It reminds one of Miss Mullock's beautiful "Little Pilgrim," but is of more human interest. It makes the other life seem more real and more vivid.

The Revival and the Pastor. By JONAS ORAMEL PECK, D.D. *Introduction* by J.M. BUCKLEY, D.D. Pp. 279. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is the last word to the world of the late lamented Dr. J. O. Peck. His pastorates were always blessed with great revivals, and he here writes out of a full experience as to the wisest methods of securing that all-important end of the Christian ministry. It is the pastor's supreme work, and is the result of a passion for souls. He discusses "Revival Power," "Personal Work," "Revival Hindrances," "Preparation for a Revival," "Its Prosecution," and the important question of the duty of the Church after a revival in the care of probationers. The counsels to young pastors are words of gold, as, indeed, is the whole book. The reading of this book is itself an inspiration and moral uplift.

Better Days for Working-People. By WILLIAM GARDEN BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier. Toronto: Wm Briggs. Price, 35c.

This is emphatically a book for the times. The most pressing questions of the day are not so much political, scientific or even religious questions, as social questions. The venerable Dr. Blaikie discusses in this little book such live topics as, What are Better Days? A True Guide to Better Days, The Sweat of the Brow, A Fair Day's Wage for a Fair Day's Work, Health and Strength and How to Keep Them, Home Sunshine, Reading and Recreation, Holy Rest, and Some Possibilities of the Future. Every preacher and teacher, every lover of his kind, will have larger views at once of the difficulties of the problem and of the importance of its solution.

LAST June we had the pleasure of hearing an admirable lecture on "The Language and Literature of the Old Testament" by the Rev. H. C. Hatcher, B.D., delivered before the Theological Union and the Newfoundland Conference, in St. John. We were so impressed with the value of this lecture that we requested permission to print it in this MAGAZINE and had it put in type for that purpose. We subsequently learned that it was an understanding that the lectures of the Theological Union should be published in the *Methodist Quarterly.* We have therefore transferred the article to the editor of that periodical.

IN the November number of this MAGAZINE there is a typographical misprint which conveys an erroneous impression. On page 428, line four, for 91,000 read 1,000—which is a very different thing.